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PROPERTY LINEAGE & HOTELS AND GUESTS, P. 466.

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XCIII. No. 2408.

MARCH 12, 1943.

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

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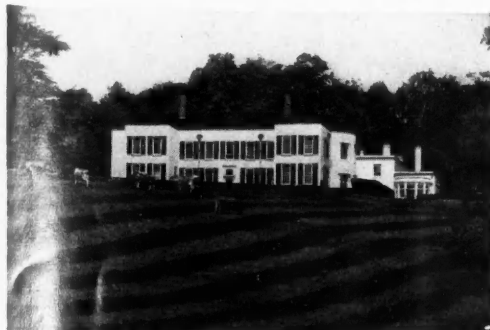
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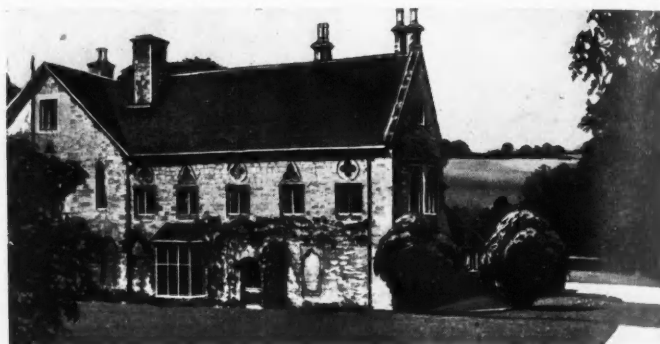
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A HOUSE OF UNIQUE CHARACTER. 13 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, great hall with minstrel's gallery. Attractive pleasure grounds. CENTRAL HEATING. STABLES. GARAGE. HARD TENNIS COURT. TO BE LET FURNISHED. HUNTING WITH THE BLACKMORE VALE.

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Including a small GEORGIAN RESIDENCE Dated 1786. Facing South. 11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, and 4 reception rooms, etc. Electric light. Woodlands and Lake. FARMS, COTTAGES AND INN.

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BERKS CLOSE TO BUCKS BORDERS

In one of the most favoured Residential Areas, within an hour of London.

THE FIRST-CLASS RESIDENCE which is in extremely good order stands 200 ft. up on sand and gravel soil, in delightful gardens.

Lounge hall, 3 large reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms arranged in suites 5 bathrooms.

Co.'s electricity and water.
Main drainage.
Central heating throughout.

2 GARAGES. COTTAGE.



The Gardens are unusually charming, intersected by a running stream, tennis courts, walled and kitchen gardens.

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FOR SALE FREEHOLD**
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Magnificent position 700 ft. up, facing South, on the Chilterns.

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It has had many thousands of pounds expended upon it and is now in first-class order throughout.

Halls, oak-panelled lounge, 3 other large and well-proportioned reception, 10 principal bed and dressing rooms; 5 servants' bedrooms and 5 bathrooms. Central heating. Electric light. Telephone. Abundant water supply. Septic tank drainage system. Stabling and garages for several cars, with rooms and bathroom over.

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Approached by a gravelled drive, constructed on 2 floors and designed for labour-saving. Hall, lounge, dining room, 5 bedrooms, bathroom.

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Electricity available. Co.'s gas.
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THE GARDENS include well-kept lawns, rose and flower beds, flowering trees and shrubs. Summer-house. Kitchen garden bordered by apple trees. Mixed fruit orchard. About

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Situated on high ground.

AN ATTRACTIVE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY

The accommodation comprises: 3 reception rooms, dining room (23 ft. by 16 ft.), drawing room (22 ft. by 15 ft.), morning room (16 ft. by 11 ft.), 9 bedrooms and dressing rooms (several with fitted cupboards), bathroom, housemaid's room (with sink, separate w.c.), conveniently arranged DOMESTIC OFFICES, butler's pantry, well-fitted kitchen, sitting room, secondary staircase.

GARAGE (3 cars). RANGE OF 3 LOOSE BOXES. COTTAGE (4 rooms).
TIMBER-BUILT BARN, ETC.

Grounds comprise tennis and other lawns, broad gravelled terrace, rose gardens, fruit garden, pleasant woodland walks between thick belts of rhododendrons, pastureland. In all about

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FINE COUNTRY RESIDENCE
(GEORGIAN IN CHARACTER)

FOR SALE IN BERKSHIRE VILLAGE

Convenient bus service.

8 bed and dressing rooms, 4 reception rooms, 2 bathrooms, excellent domestic offices including maids' sitting room.

DOUBLE GARAGE. ALL MAIN SERVICES. PARTIAL CENTRAL HEATING.

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THE HOUSE is in perfect order and contains: Entrance hall, cloakroom, 3 reception rooms, smoking room, 10 bed or dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, and servants' bedrooms, etc.

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Choice position commanding a lovely view.

FOR SALE A SUSSEX MANOR HOUSE

OF THE TUDOR PERIOD, BEAUTIFULLY MODERNISED.



Oak panelled lounge, drawing room (32 ft. by 16 ft., with open fireplace and exposed beams), dining room (oak beamed), morning room, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Central heating.
Company's electric light.

MAGNIFICENT OLD
BARN. GARAGE.

CHARMING GROUNDS.
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3 ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD £7,500

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OF PLEASING ELEVATION, IN EXCELLENT ORDER, WITH EVERY MODERN COMFORT.

Lounge, 3 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms (the principal rooms have fitted hand-basins), 4 bathrooms, good domestic offices.

All main services. Central heating. Garage for 3 cars.

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Large lounge, dining room, kitchen, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

All main services.

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WELL LAID OUT

GARDENS OF OVER

1½ ACRES



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WITH LABOUR-SAVING DEVICES AND EASY TO MAINTAIN.

Hall, 3 well-proportioned reception rooms, maids' sitting room, good offices, 5 principal bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms.

Main electricity, gas and water. Central heating. Garage. Stabling. 2 cottages. CHARMING GROUNDS, INEXPENSIVE TO KEEP UP. PRINCIPAL FEATURES INCLUDE SWIMMING POOL, HARD TENNIS COURT, FLOWER AND KITCHEN GARDENS, Paddock AND WOODLAND, ABOUT

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Standing in a well-timbered gardens and grounds.



With 3/4 reception, 6 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms.

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Within easy reach of Chard and Taunton.

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ABOUT 19 ACRES

PRICE £10,000

WITH EARLY POSSESSION

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FREEHOLD ONLY £2,950

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FIRST-CLASS FARMING ESTATE
well known as one of the
RICHEST IN
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460 ACRES

220 rich feeding pasture, 170 deep fertile arable, orchards and valuable woods.

1 MILE NOTED TROUT FISHING.

SUPERIOR RESIDENCE. 3 sets buildings, 5 cottages, valuable stone quarries producing lucrative income.

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FASCINATING LITTLE TUDOR HOUSE

Full of oak. Open fireplaces and other XVth century features. Modernised, with every convenience. Main water. Electric light. Fitted basins. Central heating. Pretty hall, 2 reception, 4 bedrooms, bathroom.

Gardens, orchard.

2 ACRES

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IMMEDIATE INSPECTION ADVISED.

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IN A QUIET AND CHARMING COUNTRYSIDE ON THE SOUTHERN SLOPE OF A HILL.

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(4 lines.)

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Main electric light.
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In all about

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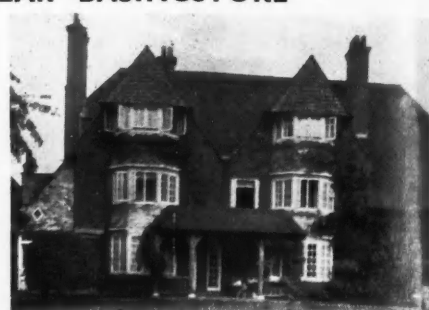
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STONE MULLIONED WINDOWS.

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4 reception, 12 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Main electricity. Plentiful water supply. Stabling. Garages. Farmery. Cottage.

OLDE ENGLISH PLEASANCE. SHADY TREES AND WALLED GARDENS.

PARKLAND OF NEARLY

20 ACRES

PARTLY BOUNDED BY SMALL RIVER.

JUST IN THE MARKET

FREEHOLD ONLY £6,000

Highly recommended by Owner's Agents: RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

**JUST AVAILABLE. WITH VACANT POSSESSION.
WITHIN EASY REACH OF LONDON.**

ELIZABETHAN-STYLE HOUSE. In spotless condition: ready to occupy. Convenient for Radlett and Watford. Adjacent small village. Walking distance of bus service. 3 reception (one nearly 40 ft. long), panelled walls and domed ceiling, 5 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. All main services. Central heating. Garages and flat over, having 5 rooms and bathroom. Lovely grounds, hard court, lily pond. Fully stocked kitchen garden, etc. About 2 ACRES. **FREEHOLD £5,750.** (Field of over 6 Acres adjoining can be rented.) Recommended with every confidence.

HALF-TIMBERED TUDOR-STYLE HOUSE (about 20 years old) in select part of MAIDENHEAD, near town, station and river, but well above flood level. 2 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom. All main services. Central heating. Garage. Pretty gardens. **ONE-THIRD OF AN ACRE.** Tennis court, etc. **FREEHOLD ONLY £3,000.**

XVth CENTURY COTTAGE in QUIET HERTFORDSHIRE VILLAGE. Overlooking nobleman's park. Only 26 miles by road from London. 2 reception, 3 bedrooms (more easily added), bathroom. Main electricity and power. Central heating. Main water. Garage. Exquisite garden of over 1 ACRE, bounded by stream (would provide trout fishing). **FREEHOLD £2,500.**

FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.

Central
9344

(Established 1799)
AUCTIONEERS. CHARTERED SURVEYORS. LAND AGENTS.
29, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Telegrams:
Farebrother, London

HASLEMERE WELL-BUILT HOUSE

7 bedrooms, 2 bath rooms, 3 reception rooms. Central heating. Main services. Garage.

MATURED GARDENS, ORCHARD AND SMALL Paddock, THE WHOLE EXTENDING TO ABOUT

3 ACRES

TO LET FURNISHED

(OR FREEHOLD MIGHT BE SOLD)

Particulars from Owner's Agents: **FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.,** 29, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. (Folio 13,319)

SURREY

Only 30 minutes from London. Excellent train service.

A WELL-EQUIPPED RESIDENCE

7 bedrooms, 2 bath rooms, 3 reception rooms. Central heating. All main services. Excellent garage accommodation.

WELL LAID OUT GARDENS, IN ALL

ABOUT HALF AN ACRE

TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD £4,500 (or Offer)

Owner's Agents: **FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.,** 29, Fleet Street, E.C.4

TO CLOSE AN ESTATE.

WEST SUSSEX

4 miles North of Midhurst.

VALUABLE MIXED FARM

COMPACT BUILDINGS. 3 COTTAGES.

182 ACRES

FORMING A SOUND AGRICULTURAL INVESTMENT.

TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD £4,700

Particulars from Owner's Agents: **FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.,** 29, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

SUFFOLK

4½ miles from Market Town.

ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bath room. 2 garages. Stabling.

ORCHARD, Paddock, ETC., EXTENDING TO ABOUT

6 ACRES

FREEHOLD £2,950

Further particulars from the Agents: **FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.,** 29, Fleet Street, E.C.4. (Folio 13,715)

TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1
(Euston 7000)

MAPLE & Co., LTD.

5, GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR, W.1.
(Regent 4685)

WOKING, SURREY

Near several good Golf Courses. ½ mile station.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD
A PICTURESQUE MODERN HOUSE, built of brick of the finest materials, with oak floors to ground floor. 3 reception, billiards room, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, maids' sitting room, modern conveniences. Garage for 2 cars. Grounds of 1 ACRE, with tennis lawn, kitchen garden, etc.

PRICE £4,000

Agents: **MAPLE & Co.,** 5, Grafton Street, Mayfair, W.1.

STREATLEY & GORING

On borders of Berks and Oxon, ½ mile from River.

FOR SALE
A MOST ATTRACTIVE SMALL HOUSE having lounge hall, dining room, small drawing room, 4 bedrooms (2 having fitted basins), kitchen, pantry, etc. ELECTRIC LIGHT AND GAS. Garage for large car.

MOST ATTRACTIVE GARDEN, ABOUT HALF AN ACRE LARGE LAWN, KITCHEN GARDEN, FRUIT TREES.

Recommended by: **MAPLE & Co., LTD.,** 5, Grafton Street, W.1. (Tel.: Regent 4685).

KENT, CHISLEHURST

Occupying a pleasant and most convenient situation.

TO BE SOLD

EXCELLENT HOUSE, with well-proportioned rooms, containing: Fine lounge hall, drawing room, dining room, small study, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, maids' sitting room, etc. Large garage, etc.

MODERATE PRICE

Recommended by the Agents: **MAPLE & Co., LTD.,** as above.

VALUATIONS

FURNITURE and EFFECTS valued for Insurance, Probate, etc.

FURNITURE SALES

Conducted in Town and Country

APPLY—**MAPLE & Co.,** 5, GRAFTON STREET, OLD BOND STREET, W.1.

Telegrams:
"Wood, Agents, Wesdo,
London."

JOHN D. WOOD & CO.

23, BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

Mayfair 6341
(10 lines).

By Direction of Sir Jeremiah Colman, Bart.

ON THE SURREY HILLS BETWEEN REIGATE AND CHIPSTEAD

TO BE SOLD WITH 170 OR 375 ACRES

UPPER GATTON PARK

THIS IMPORTANT, WELL-KNOWN FREEHOLD PROPERTY

TOGETHER WITH

CROSSWAYS FARM, UPPER GATTON

A CAPITAL DAIRYING AND MIXED HOLDING WITH GOOD HOUSE, 2 COTTAGES AND MODERN DAIRY BUILDINGS
FOR 42 HEAD

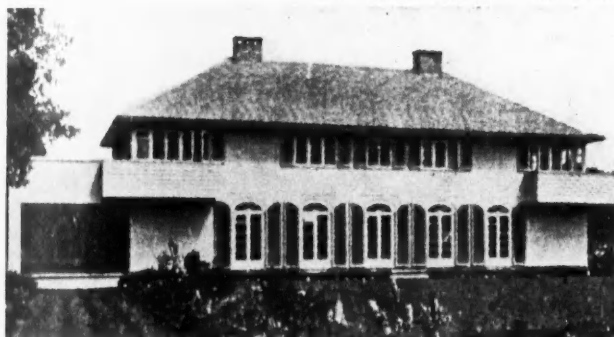
THE PROPERTY POSSESSES SEVERAL MILES OF ROAD FRONTAGES, WITH ELECTRICITY AND WATER SERVICES, WHICH
SHOULD OFFER DEVELOPMENT POSSIBILITIES AFTER THE WAR.

Full particulars, with Plans (price 2/- each), may be obtained from: JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1 (Tel.: Mayfair 6341),
or from the Resident Agent, Captain G. WAUD PIERCY, Estate Office, Gatton Park, Reigate (Tel.: Merstham 221).

FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION.

COBHAM, SURREY

About 1½ miles from the station, with frequent service of electric trains. On high ground.



THIS UNIQUE, MODERN GEORGIAN HOUSE

DESIGNED BY A WELL-KNOWN ARCHITECT IS BEAUTIFULLY FITTED
AND APPOINTED.

6 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 well-fitted bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, studio, excellent
domestic quarters, maids' sitting room.

ALL MAIN SERVICES. CENTRAL HEATING. DOUBLE GARAGE WITH
WASH-DOWN.

ATTRACTIVE GARDEN

WITH PAVED TERRACE, LAWNS, CLIPPED HEDGES, HERBACEOUS
BORDERS AND FLOWER BEDS.

PRICE £5,500

Full particulars of: JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1. (22,238)

44, ST. JAMES'S
PLACE, S.W.1.

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

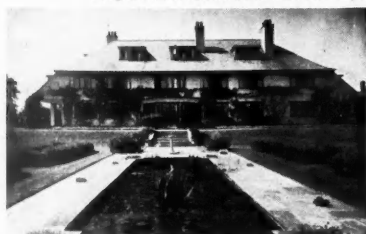
AGENTS FOR THE HOME COUNTIES, THE SHIRES, AND SPORTING COUNTIES GENERALLY

Regent
0911.

SURREY HILLS

A CITY GENTLEMAN'S IDEAL COUNTRY HOME

Only 1 mile to station, with bus service, and close to golf course.



EVERYTHING IS IN
FIRST-CLASS ORDER.
EARLY VACANT
POSSESSION.

3 sitting rooms, 11 bed and
dressing rooms (10 with lava-
tory basins), 4 bathrooms.
Main electricity. Gas. Coy.'s
water. Central heating.
Independent hot water.
DOUBLE GARAGE.

ABOUT
3½ ACRES
OF GARDENS AND
GROUNDS.

The Agents have inspected this most attractive and beautifully fitted Residence and
thoroughly recommend it. A very moderate price will be accepted for quick sale.
JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, London, S.W.1. (L.R. 20,248)

SOMERSET

In a high situation. South-Western aspect. Panoramic views.
Lovely surroundings.

3 sitting rooms, 10 bedrooms,
dining room, 3 bathrooms.
Electric light. Central heating.
Stabling and garage with flat
over. 2 cottages.

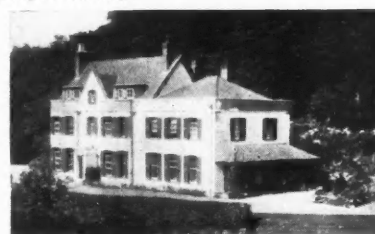
SECONDARY RESIDENCE
OF 5 BEDROOMS.

ATTRACTIVE GARDENS
AND GROUNDS AND
ABOUT

120 ACRES
(100 Acres woodlands)

VERY MODERATE PRICE ACCEPTED

Inspected and recommended by: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place,
S.W.1. (L.R. 18,288)



CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON

OF SHREWSBURY (Tel.: 2061)

THE AGENTS FOR THE WEST

FOR RESIDENCE AND/OR
INVESTMENT

MID-SHROPSHIRE

AN ATTRACTIVE SMALL ESTATE
Beautifully situated, 5 miles Shrewsbury.

QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE

IN SMALL PARK.

3/4 reception, about 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Electricity.
Central heating. Good gardens. Ample stables and garages.
3 VALUABLE WELL LET FARMS, Cottages, etc., in
all nearly

400 ACRES

THE RESIDENCE IS LET, BUT POSSESSION COULD
BE ARRANGED. RENT ROLL ABOUT £820 P.A.

PRICE £18,000 FREEHOLD

Owner's Agents: CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON,
Shrewsbury, as above.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

MERIONETHSHIRE

THE ATTRACTIVE SMALL ESTATE

ERYL ARAN BALA

Near the small town, with lovely lake and mountain views.

STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE

8/9 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 good reception rooms. Main
electricity and water. Standing in lovely wooded grounds.

EXCELLENT BUILDINGS. 2 FARMS AND WOOD-
LANDS, IN ALL ABOUT

170 ACRES

FOR SALE BY AUCTION at BALA in APRIL.

Auctioneers: CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON,
Shrewsbury, as above.

COTSWOLDS

8 miles Cheltenham. Beautiful situation.
POSSESSION AFTER WAR.

LOVELY OLD COTSWOLD STONE HOUSE

Entirely Modernised and in perfect order.

3 delightful reception rooms, 6/8 bedrooms and 4 bathrooms.
Open fireplaces, mullioned windows, etc.
Electric light. Central heating. Garages and picturesque
buildings (all in first-class order).

SECONDARY RESIDENCE (5 bedrooms, bathroom and
2 reception rooms). TUDOR COTTAGE (3 bedrooms).

CHARMING OLD WALLED GARDENS FORM A
PERFECT SETTING. HARD TENNIS COURT.
SMALL TROUT STREAM FLOWS THROUGH THE
PARKLIKE LAND.

53 ACRES PRICE £13,500

OR RESIDENCE MIGHT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.
Sole Agents: CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON,
Shrewsbury, as above.

5, MOUNT ST.,
LONDON, W.1.

CURTIS & HENSON

Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines),
Established 1875.

EAST SUSSEX

7 miles Polegate Station.



ORIGINALLY AN EARLY TUDOR "YEOMAN'S HALL" OF THE LATE XVth CENTURY. THOROUGHLY RENOVATED AND MODERNISED. 2 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom. Electric light. Modern drainage. Garage. Picturesque grounds with tennis court and well-stocked orchard. About 4 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD. Particulars from: CURTIS AND HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,404)

NORTH-EAST SCOTLAND

3 miles from Station.

TO BE SOLD

A RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE

THOUSANDS OF POUNDS RECENTLY SPENT ON MODERNISING THE HOUSE, PARTLY BUILT IN THE XVth CENTURY.

4 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms. Main electricity. Central heating.

GARAGE FOR 6 CARS. 4 COTTAGES. PRODUCTIVE AND WELL-STOCKED GARDENS.

9 FARMS

Beautifully timbered grounds. Woodlands. Near a famous Salmon River. Grouse Moor and Rough Shooting.

ABOUT 2,000 ACRES

Particulars from the Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,252)

SURREY

Near Sutton and Cheam Stations. Half an hour by train to London.



EXCELLENTLY DESIGNED IN THE TUDOR STYLE. 3 reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms (6 with h. & c.), 2 bathrooms, 2 staircases. Co.'s electricity, gas and water. Central heating. Garage. Tennis court. Orchard and kitchen garden. FOR SALE FREEHOLD Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,385)

LOFTS & WARNER

41, BERKELEY SQ., LONDON, W.1. Gro. 3056.

TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD

AN EXCEPTIONALLY FINE ESTATE (producing £1,700 p.a.)

IN A RING FENCE.

AFFORDING FUTURE OCCUPATION OF THE

STONE-BUILT MANOR HOUSE

DATED 1663, RECENTLY MODERNISED.

with 8 principal bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, 3 servants' rooms, 4 reception rooms.



SHOOTING OVER 800 ACRES. A FINE STRETCH OF DRY FLY FISHING.

Sole Agents: LOFTS & WARNER, 41, Berkeley Square, W.1.

CENTRAL HEATING. HOT WATER. ELECTRICITY.

Grounds bounded by River.

2 GOOD FARMS WITH WATER MEADOWS

COTTAGES

900 ACRES

Yeovil 434

GRIBBLE, BOOTH & SHEPHERD

Basingstoke 166

YEOVIL & BASINGSTOKE



SOMERSET

Wincanton 1½ miles.

SUPERIOR COUNTRY RESIDENCE

FACING DUE SOUTH.

3 reception rooms, 7/9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, convenient compact offices. EXCELLENT STABLING. COTTAGE. LARGE GARAGE. MAIN WATER OWN ELECTRICITY.

KITCHEN GARDEN, PASTURE AND ARABLE, IN ALL

24 ACRES (part Let)

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.

£5,000 FREEHOLD

Apply: GRIBBLE, BOOTH & SHEPHERD, as above.

C. W. INGRAM, F.S.I.

90, PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.
Tel. 32251-2. Telegrams: "Sales," Edinburgh.

FOR SALE BY AUCTION

PERTHSHIRE

1 to 1½ miles from Aberfeldy. Sloping South to the River Tay.

430 ACRES

COMPRISING 3 ATTRACTIVE FARM LOTS LET TO TENANTS. TROUT FISHING IN RIVER TAY.

Valuable Sites for erection of Country Quarters.

Lot	Area	Rental	Upset Price
LOT 1.—BORLICK FARM, ETC.	203	£222	£2,500
LOT 2.—CUIL FARM	100	£90	£1,250
LOT 3.—TOMBUIE AND BALNA-CRAIG FARMS	127	£125	£1,250

Included in the area of each Farm is some woodland with timber, and good trout fishing in the Tay.

To be offered FOR SALE BY AUCTION by C. W. INGRAM, F.S.I., on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, at 2.30 p.m., at 90, PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

Solicitors: W. & J. BURNES, 12, Hope Street, Edinburgh.
Auctioneer: C. W. INGRAM, F.S.I., 90, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley St., W.1

Grosvenor 2861. Telegrams: "Cornishmen, London."

CORNWALL £3,500 5 ACRES

One of the best positions in the County. 12 miles from Truro. Magnificent views. Convenient reach yacht harbours and sea and river fishing.

BEAUTIFUL GEORGIAN MANOR HOUSE. Thoroughly modernised. Electric light. Telephone. H. & c. in bedrooms. Billiards room, 3 reception, 2 bathrooms, 12 bedrooms. Good garage and outbuildings. Lovely gardens, kitchen garden, orchards, meadows and woodlands.

OR WITH 18 ACRES FOR £5,000

Strongly recommended by Sole Agents: TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (11,308)

£300 P.A. UNFURNISHED, OR FOR SALE FREEHOLD

SURREY COMMONS, near Walton Heath Golf Course
MODERN CHARACTER RESIDENCE in excellent order. 10 bedrooms, some fitted h. & c., 3 bathrooms, 3 reception (one 25 ft. by 20 ft.). Central heating. Main services. Telephone. GARAGES. HARD TENNIS COURT. Attractive gardens, 3½ ACRES. Double cottage and paddock also available. Inspection and highly recommended by: TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (11,269)

CHELTENHAM AND NORTH COTSWOLDS

G. H. BAYLEY & SONS

(Established over three-quarters of a Century.)
ESTATE AGENTS, SURVEYORS, AUCTIONEERS,
27, PROMENADE, CHELTENHAM,
(Tel.: 2102.)

DEVON and S. & W. COUNTIES

THE ONLY COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED REGISTER
Price 2/6

SELECTED LISTS FREE

RIPPON, BOSWELL & CO., F.A.I.
(Est. 1884.) EXETER.

ESTATE

HARRODS

OFFICES

Kensington 1490
Telegrams:
"Estate, Harrods, London."

KNIGHTSBRIDGE HOUSE

62/64, BROMPTON RD., LONDON, S.W.1

West Byfleet
and Haslemere
Offices

IN THE HEART OF SAVERNAKE FOREST c.4

FANTASTIC OLD HOUSE
(circa 1700)

EQUALLY SUITED WITH EVERY CONVENIENCE.

Lounge hall, reception, 8 bedrooms, lavatory basins (h. & c.), 3 bathrooms, built-in cupboards, etc., etc., play room. (See also) Cottage. Bungalow, etc. Co.'s electric light. Excellent water supply. Central heating.

REALLY BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS, STOCKED KITCHEN GARDEN, ORCHARD PLANTED WITH THOUSANDS OF CHOICE BULBS, TOGETHER WITH PASTURE LAND, IN ALL

40 ACRES

TO BE LET UNFURNISHED AT £220 P.A.

PREMIUM OF £2,000 FOR 14 YEARS' LEASE.

Recommended as something really unique and inexpensive by: HARRODS LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tel.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 806.)

SURREY HILLS c.2

In a high and favoured district, 10 minutes from Railway Station, with electric trains to the City and West End.

UP-TO-DATE ARCHITECT-BUILT RESIDENCE

WITH ALL LABOUR-SAVING APPLIANCES.

2 reception, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main water, gas and electricity. Complete central heating. 2 garages.

ATTRACTIVE BUT INEXPENSIVE GARDENS AND GROUNDS OF ABOUT

1 1/4 ACRES

FREEHOLD £3,750

HARRODS LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tel.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 809.)

BUCKS AND OXON BORDERS c.4
Close to Market Town. Handy for Oxford, Aylesbury, etc.

Fascinating Long Low MANOR HOUSE

Stone built with exceptionally fine rooms. Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 10-12 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, model offices. Co.'s electric light and power. Central heating. Excellent water, etc. Garage. First-rate stabling, outbuildings. Well-established grounds with kitchen garden, lawns, herbaceous borders, meadowland, in all

About 16 ACRES Only £8,000 FREEHOLD

Recommended as something exceptional by: HARRODS LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tel.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 806.)

ON SURREY & SUSSEX BORDERS c.3
Quiet but accessible position, only about 45 minutes from London by electric service.

Well-appointed MODERN RESIDENCE

3 reception, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. 2 garages. Modern drainage. Central heating. Co.'s electric light and water. Charming gardens, with tennis and other lawns, kitchen garden, fruit trees, meadowland, woodland, stream, in all

About 9 ACRES

FREEHOLD, only £3,500 for a QUICK SALE

HARRODS LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tel.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 807.)

TAUNTON DISTRICT c.2

Situate high up on the Blackdown Hills, facing South and with a lovely view.

SMALL BRICK-BUILT HOUSE
IN THE COLONIAL STYLE.

Dining room (15 ft. by 15 ft.), lounge (28 ft. by 13 ft.) 4 bedrooms, bathroom, labour-saving kitchen.

Own electric light plant. Complete central heating. Excellent water with electric pump.

GARAGE. STABLING. COW STALLS (ALL BRICK BUILT AND WITH ELECTRIC LIGHT).

LAWN, KITCHEN GARDEN, 2 ORCHARDS AND 2 ENCLOSURES OF SWEET-FEEDING PASTURE.

IN ALL

ABOUT 12 ACRES

FREEHOLD £2,950

HARRODS LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tel.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 809.)

OUTSKIRTS OF A PICTURESQUE BUCKS VILLAGE c.3

Pleasant situation overlooking the River and near the Berks border.

WELL-APPOINTED RESIDENCE

IN EXCELLENT CONDITION THROUGHOUT.

3 reception, cloakroom, 9 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms. Model drainage. Central heating. Co.'s electric light, gas and water (softened). Garage.

EASILY MAINTAINED GARDENS, SUBJECT OF CONSIDERABLE EXPENSE, VEGETABLE GARDEN, 60 YOUNG FRUIT TREES, CRAZY PAVING, FLOWER BEDS, IN ALL ABOUT

1/2 ACRE

FOR SALE FREEHOLD
REASONABLE PRICE

HARRODS LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tel.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 807.)

PROBABLY THE BEST BARGAIN IN THE MARKET PRICE ONLY £4,500 FREEHOLD c.2

BUCKS AND NORTHANTS BORDERS

In delightful country. Convenient for village. 7 miles County Town.

A GENTLEMAN'S SMALL FARM, including a GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

With 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, maids' sitting room. Main electricity. Complete central heating. Fitted basins in bedrooms. Well water with electric pump. Garage. Loose Boxes. Cowhouses, etc. Cottage of 6 rooms.

WELL-TIMBERED GARDENS AND GROUNDS, TOGETHER WITH AN AREA OF PASTURELAND, IN ALL ABOUT 32 ACRES

INTERSECTED BY A BROOK.

In addition there is a picturesque block of SIX GEORGIAN COTTAGES let on Weekly Tenancies producing £50 per annum, Tenants paying Rates.

Sole Agents: HARRODS LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tel.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 809.)

WIMBLEDON COMMON

Retired situation. Walking distance Station.

A RESIDENCE OF DISTINCTION
2 FLOORS ONLY.

Economical to run. Tasteful decorations. Hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms (lavatory basins, h. & c.), 3 bathrooms, maids' room, etc. Garage for 2 cars. All main services. Central heating. Oak doors, etc.

MATURED GROUNDS, TENNIS AND OTHER LAWNS, SHADY TREES, KITCHEN GARDEN, ETC.

£6,950 FREEHOLD
EARLY POSSESSION.

Sole Agents: HARRODS LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tel.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 806.)

FIRST-CLASS OPPORTUNITY c.3
Excellent residential district, convenient to main line station with fast service to Town in about 25 minutes.WELL APPOINTED MODERN RESIDENCE
FACING SOUTH.

2 reception, 4 bedrooms, bathroom. Main drainage. Cos. electric light and water. Radiators. Garage. Good garden. A real Bargain at £1,500 FREEHOLD

HARRODS LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tel.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 807.)

PORTABLE AND CONVENIENT RESIDENCE c.2
Convenient for village and on a bus route.

BEING SOUTH, WITH LOVELY VIEWS. 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom. Main water and electricity. Garage.

GROUNDS OF ABOUT 1 ACRE FREEHOLD £1,800
HARRODS LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tel.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 809.)

HANTS & DORSET BORDERS c.4
Easy reach of the New Forest. Close to a Golf Course.

Compact Modern Labour-Saving Residence With entrance hall, 2 reception rooms and sun parlour, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, complete offices, maids' room. Good garage. Electric light. Central heating. Independent water. Company's water.

CHARMING GARDEN OF ABOUT 1/2 ACRE

ADDITIONAL ACRE OF LAND IF REQUIRED.

£2,500 FREEHOLD

HARRODS LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tel.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 806.)

SOUTHERN SCOTLAND c.2

On the country edge of a small town. 23 miles from Edinburgh and 32 miles from Glasgow.

Well-Placed and Comfortable RESIDENCE

Lounge hall, 3 public rooms, 9 bedrooms, bath-dressing room, maids' bathroom. Main water and electricity.

Central heating. Garage for 3. Cottage of 4 rooms.

MATURED GROUNDS, TENNIS LAWN, KITCHEN GARDEN AND WOODLANDS, IN ALL

About 18 ACRES FREEHOLD FOR SALE

HARRODS LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tel.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 809.)

GERRARDS CROSS & AMERSHAM c.3

In a much sought-after neighbourhood, on high ground with good views.

ARTISTICALLY DESIGNED RESIDENCE
(Away from main road.)

Hall, 2 reception, 5 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom. Modern drainage. Co.'s electric light. Central heating.

Main water. Garage.

WELL-MATURED GARDENS, LAWN, VEGETABLE GARDEN, FRUIT TREES, MEADOW, IN ALL ABOUT

2 3/4 ACRES FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Inspected and recommended by: HARRODS LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tel.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 807.)

BOURNEMOUTH:
 ERNEST FOX, F.S.I., F.A.I.
 WILLIAM FOX, F.S.I., F.A.I.
 E. STODDART FOX, P.A.S.I., F.A.I.
 H. INSLEY-FOX, P.A.S.I., A.A.I.
 R. ALEC HAMBRO.

FOX & SONS
 LAND AGENTS,
 BOURNEMOUTH—SOUTHAMPTON—BRIGHTON

SOUTHAMPTON:
 ANTHONY B. FOX, F.S.I., F.A.I.
 T. BRIAN COX, P.A.S.I., A.A.I.
BRIGHTON:
 A. KILVINGTON, F.A.L.P.A.

DORSET

Within easy walking distance of a popular 18-hole Golf Course.

8 miles from Bournemouth.

Standing well back from the road on sand on gravel soil.

A PICTURESQUE SUBSTANTIALLY BUILT FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

erected under Architects' supervision in 1902, all rooms enjoying maximum amount of sunshine.

The accommodation comprises 4 principal and 2 servants' bedrooms, bathroom, drawing room (20 ft. 7 ins. by 14 ft. 6 ins.), dining room, sitting room, kitchen and offices.



Companies' gas and water. Main electricity.

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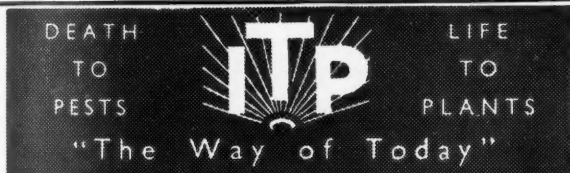


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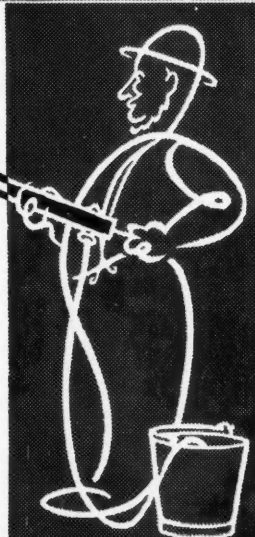
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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCIII No. 2408

MARCH 12, 1943



Harlip

MISS KATHLEEN DUNCAN

Miss Duncan, the second daughter of the late Mr. Walter Atholl Duncan and of Mrs. Duncan (whose present address is Gorhambury, St. Albans), is to be married to Lieutenant Ivar Iain Colquhoun, R.A., elder son of Sir Iain and Lady Colquhoun, of Luss. Sir Iain Colquhoun is Chief of the Clan Colquhoun.

COUNTRY LIFE

EDITORIAL OFFICES:
2-10, TAVISTOCK STREET,
COVENT GARDEN,
W.C.2.

Telegrams: Country Life, London
Telephone: Temple Bar 7351

ADVERTISEMENTS AND
PUBLISHING OFFICES:
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THE RE-BUILDERS OF BRITAIN

IF a serious answer were really needed to those improvident or despairing persons who contend that time spent now in solving the post-war problems of resettlement and reconstruction is time wasted, and means energy diverted from more important tasks, it could be found in the Report of the Central Council for Works and Buildings, published last week together with an announcement of the Government's policy for the training of craftsmen in the building industry. Here, if anywhere, we have a case in which foresight and planning ahead are unavoidable if sudden nation-wide confusion is not to lead to damage beyond any later capacity to repair. Not only so, but time devoted now to getting the building industry into easy-running and easily-expanded conditions will not only avert staring post-war disasters but will make a vast contribution towards resettlement—towards the bringing back of normal life and full national employment capacity. For every two men employed on direct building work three are required in "ancillary trades," and when the Government proposes a building force after the war of 1,250,000 men it is really providing for the employment of 3,000,000—a large proportion of the man-power of this country. The total number of craftsmen in the building industry in 1939 was 525,000. During the war there has been nothing like a sufficient entry of apprentices to make up the normal wastage, and even if we adopt the unlikely assumption that all fully trained men will return from the Forces to the industry there cannot be more than 425,000 of them when all Service men are demobilised. This means a shortage of 275,000 skilled craftsmen even if building requirements remained as they were before the war. Everybody knows that they will be vastly greater.

The deficiency cannot be made good by any normal apprenticeship and can only be met by the special training of adults on a large scale. Any proposal of the kind affects the interests not only of the new entrants but of those already engaged in building, and it cannot hope for success unless it safeguards those interests. Within three or four years of the end of the war 200,000 men are to be trained for six months at the Ministry of Labour's training centres and the trained men should then be fit at least to hold their own in specialised processes while they enlarge their more general knowledge by practice. Equally important is the question of apprenticeship and normal courses of training in the post-war future. The Central Council proposes—and the Government has agreed—that an Apprenticeship and Training Council should be established representing not only

the industry but other "interested bodies" and the Government departments concerned. Among the four stones prescribed by Sir William Beveridge for the attack on the "Goliath of Squalor" was the right use of the right architects, and it is important that architecture should be represented on the Council, for the interrelation of architecture and building is vital to both. This consideration cuts both ways, and it is interesting to find Mr. W. A. Eden of Liverpool University urging in his new book on *The Process of Architectural Tradition* that the teaching of building construction is the real crux of the problem of architectural education and suggesting that it should be possible for the architectural schools to make it a condition of entry that a prospective pupil should have had experience with a builder or as assistant to a clerk of works.

LORD PORTAL AND ARCHITECTURE

MR. GEORGE MORROW once depicted a group of sporting men inspecting exhibits at the Geological Museum. Their reactions appeared somewhat similar to those of Mr. Wentworth Day, described in his letter on another page, on visiting the Re-building Britain Exhibition. Mr. Day, in no uncertain terms though professedly as a layman, inveighs against the impersonal, material rationalism of much contemporary architecture—a tendency which this exhibition, whether or not intentionally, undoubtedly emphasises. Owing to scientific inventions and the school training of architects nowadays, in contrast to the old system of pupilage, a severely rational attitude to design is succeeding that sympathy with tradition which the average Englishman expects from building and architecture. Which type of design will prevail after the war—sardine-tins, as Mr. Day calls it, or, in its broadest sense, tradition? That depends largely on popular influence on central and local government. Lord Portal, Minister of Works and Buildings, gave an interesting insight into his personal sympathies when he recently addressed the Council of the Royal Institute of British Architects. He foreshadowed the control of materials

THE LESSON

*SO I must learn
This landscape with my heart,
Till I return
Its likeness in my eye,
That in some dust-drenched camp
Blazed in a desert sky,
I shall still see
The little church stand grey against the hill,
Still be
Here, where the poppies and the mustard glow
Through the soft summer haze.
Here, where the sea-borne breezes blow
And old-time tranquil ways
Hold for Eternity.*

JOAN WARBURY.

that will dominate the field of building for some years, but he also recalled the value of the personal touch in design, and referred sympathetically to the tradition of village life in connection with rural housing. Every Sunday morning when he is at home, he said, he goes to look at the group of 18 cottages that he built just before the war at Freefolk, near Basingstoke, and he considered that they had given and still give him the greatest pleasure he had had in life. Their design, and the pleasure they give to passers-by no less than to their builder and inhabitants, is in the English tradition, and it is in that tradition that most of us hope Britain may be re-built.

MEASURING THE PEOPLE

IT is stated that there is to be a general measuring of the people with a view to Utility clothing. This is naturally made in a number of stock sizes, and if we have all grown taller or shorter, fatter or thinner the sizes must be modified accordingly. Height has a

way of remaining constant; not so girth, and we imagine that there can be little doubt that most people have grown perceptibly more slim than they were. Week after week the weighing machine tells a flattering tale and the gap at the top of the trousers grows more gratifying. Whether, when the happy day of release comes, we shall all begin once more to "swell visibly" remains to be seen; but the change has been so pleasant, whether for more elegance or for the more practical reason of having less to carry, that we shall probably make resolute efforts not to go back to old bad ways. A doctor well known and loved at Oxford in his day used to say that at a certain time of life most people either shrivelled away or blew up and the shrivellers lasted the longer. Here is another spur to worthy ambition. Meanwhile two important departments of Government appear to be at cross-purposes. Those in control of clothing must want the Ministry of Food to increase the rations in order that their calculations of size be not upset.

TRACTORS IN RED TAPE

THOUGH the farmer who was recently fined 5s. for "using a vehicle on the road on which a higher rate of duty is applicable" did not obtain from the magistrates that commendation which most sensible people will consider he richly deserves, he has at least the satisfaction of knowing that his "very trivial offence" has drawn attention to the preposterous side of a series of licensing restrictions with which the Ministry of War Transport still continues to harass work on the agricultural front. His driver, on the way to the station to fetch a load of corn sacks, had rashly dropped a load of firewood at a Home Guard hut. At a time when petrol and man-power are at a premium this seems a sensible thing to do. Unfortunately, the tractor was only licensed to carry the farmer's produce to the railway station and to bring agricultural equipment back. A separate journey ought to have been made with another vehicle in order to deliver the wood and satisfy the law. A complicated system of licences will only allow the farmer's tractor to cross the road within the general limits of his farm; another will permit him more varied excursions so long as he does not carry the products of forestry; and finally, he can get a Road Fund licence (which means that he must have a carrier's licence as well) in order to deliver and collect his own goods.

AN UNLUCKY CRICKETER

THERE are some who have done admirable work in their walk of life, whatever it may be, and by an unkind chance are chiefly remembered for some unlucky failure. Of such was F. W. Tate, the Sussex cricketer, who died a little while since at the age of 75. His fame has been eclipsed by that of his distinguished son Maurice, but he was a truly excellent bowler who did much good hard work for his county. To-day, at any rate by the more modern standards of cricket history, he is remembered for the misfortunes which befell him on the solitary occasion on which he played for England against Australia in 1902. First of all, in a desperately fought match he was put in the long field, which was not his normal place, and missed a catch which had a far-reaching effect. Then he had to go in when a few runs were wanted to win the match, and at that agonising moment had to wait for minutes that must have seemed hours during a shower of rain. When the rain stopped he made one snick to the boundary and then was bowled all over his wicket by Saunders, with a ball that might very likely have bowled anybody else. Here was a cruel series of scurvy blows at the hands of Fate, and perhaps Tate sometimes wondered a little sadly whether the honour of representing England had not been too dearly bought, whether in short it was better to have played and lost than never to have played at all. We feel the same sort of sympathy for him as we do for Belcher and Stewart, the two Oxford men who have become immortal by making up the sum of Cobden's hat-trick. The gods of cricket can be very unkind.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES...

By

Maj C. S. JARVIS

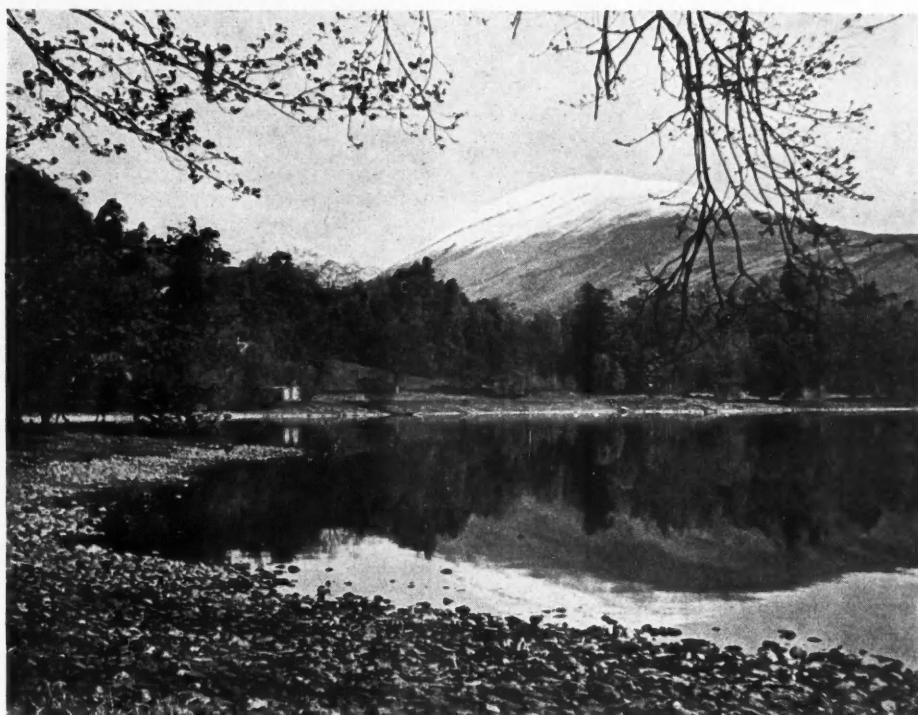
THE most attractive article on the family life of the barn-owl in the issue of February 19 causes one to regret that this bird is not far more abundant than it is, and it is difficult to understand why its numbers do not increase now that we are slowly learning to appreciate our vermin destroyers. The barn-owl experiences not the slightest difficulty in finding a plentiful food supply in almost every part of the country, it has no natural enemies which prey on it, and most farmers to-day welcome the presence of a pair in the vicinity of their rickyards.

Years ago, in the bad old days of the stuffed bird and the provision of a free breeding establishment for the clothes' moth, the unfortunate barn-owl shared with the brilliantly coloured jay the doubtful honour of becoming a decoration on a side table, and almost every cottage and inn throughout the land displayed one or other of these birds—and sometimes both—in a glass case. These days are now over and the taxidermist no longer sets up the worst enemy of the mouse and rat as a monument to some human being's imbecility, but the barn-owl apparently does not reciprocate. On those farms where this bird has been in residence from time immemorial the descendants of the old stock still carry on, but it is seldom that one hears of a pair taking up new quarters, so that what happens to the young entry of each summer remains something of a mystery.

IN my boyhood days a pair of barn-owls had their quarters in the rafters of the house loft, and as regards general sanitation and weird noises at night, they proved to be something of a mixed blessing indoors, however efficient their work might be outside. It was necessary to warn occupants of the guest room immediately beneath the nest that the house was not haunted as they might suppose, for, during the night in the breeding-season, any visitor, except an expert ornithologist, obtained the impression that a most ghastly murder was being enacted by restless and unhappy ghosts in the loft above. It was impossible to persuade some guests, who came down to breakfast with white strained faces and no appetites, that the wails, gurgles and suppressed shrieks they had heard at midnight had been caused by a pair of barn-owls feeding their young, and not as they had supposed by the ghost of some Tudor Bluebeard strangling his errant wife with her own girdle—and doing it very inefficiently.

After the end of the breeding-season my brother and I were detailed as a sanitary squad to ascend to the loft and effect a general clearing up of the nursery. A sackful or more of pellets and the "unconsumed portions of the day's rations" were collected, which provided proof of the enormous number of rodents a pair of birds will kill in a year, and with this couple, I recollect, young rats figured more prominently in the menu than mice.

IT is from a correspondent in Gloucestershire that I obtain a testimonial of good behaviour and useful deeds, but I have recently had a letter from a correspondent in Gloucestershire commenting on my remarks in these Notes about wireworms' activities during the winter. In January, stated that during that week I shot a pigeon with a distended crop, and the crop when opened up, was found to contain well over a thousand of the insects. It is



Margot Lubinski

"THE BONNIE, BONNIE BANKS": LOCH LOMOND

admitted that at this time of year there is little else beyond cattle kale and swede-tops for a wild pigeon to eat, and it is during January and February that these crops suffer most. In normal years the ground is far too cold or hard with frost for the wireworm to work to the surface, and therefore the wood-pigeon feeds only off green stuff, which, judging from his condition at that period of winter, is insufficient for his constitution. It would seem, therefore, that when the wireworm is easily obtainable the pigeon will do his share, provided always that peas, corn and other cereals are not available; but it will need more than one crop filled with wireworm to convince us that this bird pulls his weight in the long run.

DURING the correspondence, which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE some time ago, about dogs possessing a sixth sense and an ability to know what was happening to master when neither ears, eyes nor nose could help them, episodes concerning a variety of brainy breeds were recounted by their owners, but the ordinary working sheep dog did not obtain a mention in despatches. The reason for the omission was probably that the ordinary shepherd is too busy with his sheep to write to papers about his dog's intelligence.

I have always admired the sheep dog, as he is such a serious-minded wholehearted worker, and his devotion to duty is such that he has really no time for the ordinary amusements which fill the day of an ordinary dog. If a rabbit should get up in his path when driving sheep into the hurdle fold he ignores the existence of the bobbing white scut, and what this self-denial means only a dog can tell. Also, if he were examined by a lamp-post and street-corner expert, he would no doubt display the most lamentable ignorance about all the interesting smells on his beat because he has never had the leisure to study them properly.

A SHEEP DOG of my acquaintance provided a striking instance of the sixth sense in Dorset some years ago in the days when the Home Fleet had its base in Portland Harbour. It was a Sunday afternoon, and one of the many naval dogs out for exercise on the downs had chased a flock of sheep off a clover field and scattered them all over the cliffs. The shepherd, who was out for his Sunday walk with his family, was doing his best to collect them, and when I came up to help I asked where was Peter, his sheep dog.

"He has every Sunday afternoon off," said the shepherd, "and well he knows it. He's asleep in front of the fire, and there he'll bide till bedtime, for he gets all the exercise he wants during the week. If you don't mind watching the sheep for half an hour to see that — dog don't come back, I'll walk over and fetch Peter as I'll never get the flock together by myself."

His cottage was over a mile away on the other side of a high down and a strong wind was coming from that direction so that there could be no question of the shepherd's voice or scent reaching the dog asleep over the fire at home. At that moment, however, Peter came over the rise full gallop and without checking his stride proceeded to round up the sheep.

"I was hoping for that," said the shepherd. "It isn't the first time by a long chalk that he's known there's something wrong with his sheep when he couldn't see nor hear nothing."

THE question of a special allowance of petrol to enable salmon fishermen to reach their waters has been discussed and argued at length, and the final decision is that the amount of fish provided for the general public would be insufficient to justify the expenditure of additional petrol. On the whole the argument is sound, for, as with the special allowance for shooting syndicates, there is no guarantee that the resulting game would become available to the ordinary shopper. On those rare occasions when I catch a salmon, beyond my absence from my position in the fish queue for five days, the general public, except for my immediate friends, does not notice any marked difference in the piscine situation, nor any return for the gallon of petrol which may or may not have been expended on the undertaking; and I hope I am not a selfish exception to the general rule of public spiritedness. Therefore, unless each fisherman is accompanied by a Government official, equipped with knife, weights and scales to cut off a pound of flesh from each fish as the angler's share and take the rest to the market, I do not see how the general public will benefit.

If a fisherman can so contrive matters by strict economy that once a month he saves half a gallon of his shopping petrol to go and kill a fish, it might be argued that he is using the spirit for the purpose for which it was granted—the obtaining of foodstuffs. It might also be argued that the man and woman in the street will benefit from the unseen profits, as there will be one family less in the competition for the short supply of hake and whiting.

THE CENTENARY OF "HANDLEY CROSS"

By S. P. B. MAIS

WE were discussing brands of humour. "Hellish dark, and smells of cheese," I threw out. Not one glimmer of recognition among the 30 members of that Sixth Form. Well-read too in the main. "Nobody read *Handley Cross*?" I said. Nobody. I shuddered.

When I was at "the House" 36 years ago, not to be able to follow a Shakespeare quotation was understandable and ordinary; not to be able to cap a quotation from Jorrocks was so extraordinary that one was just gaped at. To know Shakespeare smacked of the high-brow. Not to know Surtees was just illiteracy.

How often and how appropriately did we find ourselves repeating "Come hup! I say. —You ugly beast."

"Con-found all presents wot eat."

"Where I dines I sleeps."

"Nothin' so queer as scent, 'cept a woman," and so on.

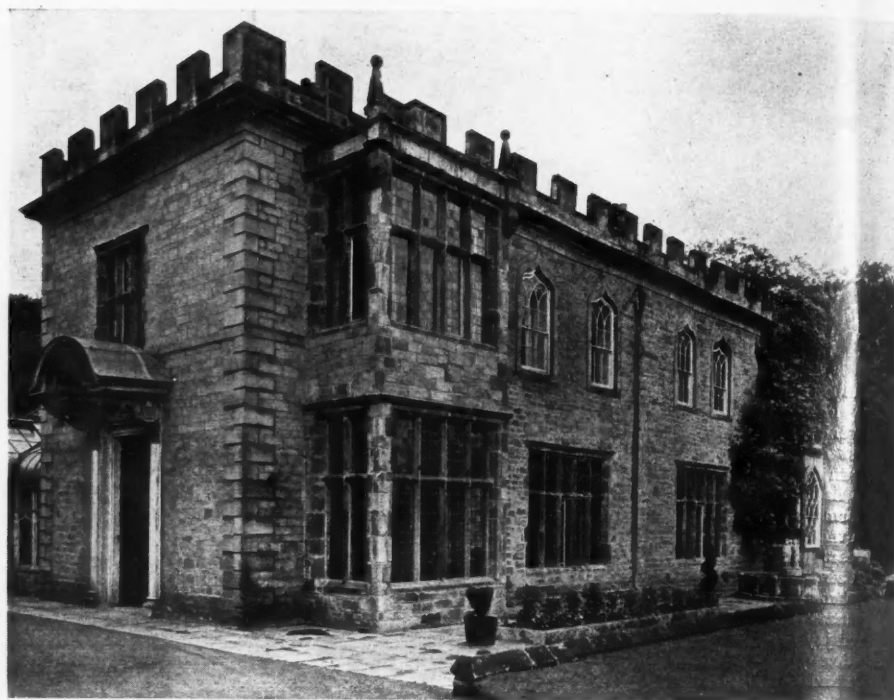
We found Jorrocks more quotable by far than Hamlet. We had more in common with the fox-hunting grocer than the introspective prince.

What has happened? Now that a hundred years have passed since the first appearance in three volumes of *Handley Cross* or the *Spa Hunt: a Sporting Tale*, by the author of *Jorrocks's Jaunts*, it may not be inappropriate to see how Surtees's reputation wears.

To me, at 57, Jorrocks is as satisfying a companion as on the day I first met him; to the younger generation he is unknown.

That may be due to the fact that Surtees was in every country-house library in the '90s and that the sportsman of to-day has a wider range of reading. It may be due to the fact that young readers have been put off by the critics who have been severe with Surtees.

T. S. in the *Dictionary of National Biography* tells us that "without the original illustrations Surtees's novels have very small interest" and that "the coarseness of the text of *Handley Cross* was redeemed by the brilliantly humorous



HAMSTERLEY HALL, DURHAM, THE HOME OF R. S. SURTEES, 1838-64

Now that of his grandson, the Hon. S. R. Vereker, brother of Lord Gort

illustrations of John Leech who utilised a sketch of a coachman made in church as his model for the ex-grocer."

It is perhaps not always remembered that it was the success of the original Jorrocks sketches that led to the conception by Chapman and Seymour of the scheme that resulted in *Pickwick Papers*, and for my part I no more believe that Jorrocks owes his popularity to Leech than that *Pickwick* owed his popularity to his illustrator.

Jorrocks, *Pickwick*, *Micawber*, and *Falstaff* need no comic artist to make them live. They are all four immortal.

Now that I've committed myself to that statement I remember that J. B. Priestley, in his otherwise fair and admirable *English Humour* says: "To imagine that Jorrocks is one of our major comic characters, fit company for *Falstaff* and *Parson Adams* and *Uncle Toby* and *Mr. Micawber*, is entirely absurd."

Surely it is Mr. Priestley who is absurd, for if he stopped to visualise that company together he could hardly help acknowledging that Jorrocks would be completely at home in their society and not the least entertaining member of it.

"It is probable," says Mr. Priestley, "that it is Surtees's

horses and hounds rather than his jokes that have made him so popular with one section of the public, a class that does more riding than reading."

In answer to that I would say that it is probable that it is Surtees's horses and hounds rather than his jokes that have to-day caused his decline in popularity with that section of the public that does more reading than riding, and shares Dr. Johnson's opinion about fox-hunting.

So strong has been the fermentation of public opinion on the part of the prejudiced and ignorant that fox-hunting shares with drink the honour of being *tabu* in broadcasts to North America. It is seldom that I find myself allowed to mention hunting on the air at home. The sport of kings is politically suspect. So Surtees is being damned for his subject matter, not his failure in art.

Even Mr. Priestley allows that James Pigg is admirable, and for my part I should like to ask where in literature has the Tynesider been more unerringly delineated? We expect Surtees, scion of an old Durham house, to get the dialect right, but it takes more than ordinary talent to interpret the soul of the Tynesider so clearly.

What is more important is that in the old Great Coram Street fox-hunting grocer Surtees gives a rich and full portrait in the round of the essential English comic spirit.

You can test the truth of this quite easily. When you first read of Jorrocks being certified as mad you just blink your eyes.

Jorrocks mad? Then *Falstaff*, *Pickwick*, all jovial, fat, full-blooded men are mad.

A topsy-turvy world, my masters, when Jorrocks is thought, even for a chapter, not to be in perfect possession of all his senses. He has as much common sense as Doctor Johnson and with it Johnson's love of nonsense and comicality.

I find Jorrocks an enchanting companion. I like him for his inexhaustible exuberance, his passion for sport, his forthrightness to other people—

You hoffer in the ninety-fust reg'ent wot looks like a 'air-dresser, 'old 'ard!

his honesty about himself—

Are you a hard rider, Mr. Jorrocks? 'Ardest in England, mum, I never goes off the 'ard road if I can 'elp it.



JORROCKS AS CONCEIVED BY "PHIZ," HIS FIRST ILLUSTRATOR. Original drawing at Hamsterley, for *Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities* 1838

his ungovernable enthusiasms—

My 'ead is nothin' but one great bump of 'untin'. 'Untin' fills my thoughts by day, and many a good run I have in my sleep.

his horse-sense—

The height of an 'oss is perfectly immaterial provided he is higher behind than before.

his very human panic and terror when he gets lost, and not least his insatiable appetite.

With what enormous relish does Jorrocks eat and drink, and with what enormous relish do we, particularly in these days of rationing, read of what he eats and drinks.

Was there really ever a time when there were kidneys, chops, eggs, muffins, crumpets, toast and red herrings for breakfast?

What would you and I not give for the chance of accepting the invitation to dine with Marmaduke Muleygrubs which Jorrocks found so unsatisfactory: Pea soup, mutton broth, skate, haddock, turkey, reindeer tongue, minced veal, rissoles, pigs' trotters, cold game pie, black pudding, all at the same meal! I have a strong feeling that I could out-Jorrocks Jorrocks in my appetite for any meal in *Handley Cross*.

In any case it puts me into good humour to meet people who like their food whether in fiction or fact, for I hold with Johnson that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else. Indeed it is this essential good humour that permeates the whole of *Handley Cross* that makes it so attractive and refreshing.

Surtees is no more a caricaturist than Shakespeare was. I have twice met Jorrocks in the last 20 years, once as secretary and once as Master of packs that ran the Handley Cross country, unlettered men with great powers of expression, natural born sportsmen, astute in business yet completely unspoiled by material success, irascible yet jovial, hearty eaters and drinkers, but obsessed by one all-absorbing passion, fox-hunting, real masters of hounds, capable of sending the huntsman home if they fell foul of him, and of tearing untimely "thrusters" to tatters by the violence of their wrath.

Where these two prototypes of Jorrocks fell short of the master was in speechifying. Jorrocks is to my mind the model orator. "Beloved 'earers," he says, and "beloved 'earers" they instantly become.

He is witty: "No man is fit to be called a sportsman wot doesn't kick his wife out of bed on a haverage once in three weeks."

He is epigrammatic and not afraid to repeat an epigram: "for the hundred and fifty-first time 'untin' is the sport of Kings, the image of war without its guilt and only five and twenty per cent of its danger."

He is homely in his imagery:

"'Untin's the liver and bacon of my existence."

He is completely honest, on one notable occasion a bit too honest.

"There's no sport fit to hold a candle to fox-untin'. Talk of stag-untin'! Might as well 'unt a mass! Puss 'untin' is werry well for cripples and those that keep donkeys."

"Coursin' should be made felony. Of all daft devils under the sun, a grey-'ound's the daftest."

Like his creator he is never literary.

Just because there is no writing up of the English scene, the English scene springs alive out of these pages so vividly that you can smell the wet plough, hear the crash of the hounds as they cross the old lead thorn-fence, and see the stealthy fox crossing the ride while Jorrocks hurriedly counts twenty.

This landscape is of course improved by the exhilarating sight of Jorrocks wobbling along like a great shape of red Noyeau jelly wishing he was "a heagle, 'overin' over hounds, seein' which 'ound has the scent, which hasn't, and which are runnin' frantic for blood."

"The reason so few good books are written," said Walter Blythe, "is that so few people who write know anything." *Handley Cross* is good if only because Surtees knew a great deal about horses, a great deal about hounds, a great deal about human nature and a great deal about the nature of the English countryside, especially that "nice clean country of the Vale of Sheepwash where the hazel grew with a steel-like skin and the spring larch shot up in a coloured shoot."

So far from the coarseness of Surtees being redeemed by the brilliantly humorous illustrations of Leech we might with more justice talk about the coarseness of Leech being redeemed by the brilliant humour of Surtees.

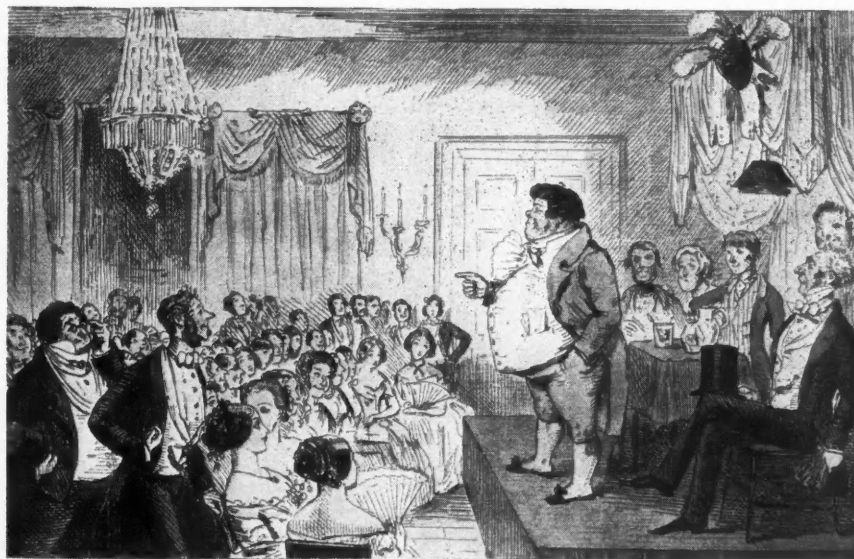
A love of the countryside, a love of the chase and a love of humour. That's all you need to revel in Surtees. I cannot believe these to be unworthy loves in the England of 1943.



MR. JORROCKS STARTING FOR "THE CUT ME DOWN COUNTRIES"



"COME HUP! I SAY.—YOU UGLY BEAST"



MR. JORROCKS'S LECTURE ON "UNTING"

Three of John Leech's steel-engravings from *Handley Cross, or Mr. Jorrocks's Hunt*, 1854



1 and 2.—BIT WITH BRASS BOSSES, AND PAIR OF STIRRUPS *EN SUITE*, ENAMELLED IN RED AND WHITE
Acquired for the Tower Armouries in the Lockett Sale

STUART ENAMELS

By JAMES G. MANN, Master of the Armouries

THE Armouries of the Tower of London have recently acquired two interesting examples of that rare class of seventeenth-century enamels whose English origin is now generally recognised. Recorded examples number fewer than fifty, but they cover a considerable variety of brass utensils ranging from fire-dogs, sconces, candlesticks and mirrors to scissors, sword-hilts, powder-flasks and horse furniture.

The most recent and comprehensive account of them was published by Mr. Charles

Beard in the *Connoisseur* of October, 1931, where he suggested that they might have been made in the brass mills at Esher which were founded in 1649 by Jacob Monimia, or Momma, and Daniel Diametrius, or Demetrius, and which were closed about 1683 or 1684. These dates correspond well enough with the intrinsic evidence supplied by the enamels themselves.

The first of the two new acquisitions are a bit and stirrups enamelled *en suite* in red and white. The bit itself is of iron, with recurved cheeks and snaffle-jointed mouth; the enam-

elled brass bosses are riveted to the cheeks. The decoration consists of flowers, among which appears the Tudor rose of red and white, and the brass *champlevé* shows considerable traces of gilding.

They must have formed part of a set of appointments of considerable richness, the saddle probably being covered with velvet and embroidered with gold or silver thread. They were purchased at the sale of the late Mr. George Lockett's collection at Christie's last June, and had been virtually forgotten since their appearance at the Morgan Williams sale in 1921, when they were sold for £441. They are the only complete set of their kind so far known.

Other recorded examples of enamelled horse furniture of this school are three pairs of stirrups (two in the Victoria and Albert Museum and one in the Wallace Collection), and a single stirrup in the possession of the writer. In addition to these Mr. Beard states that one of the two velvet-covered saddles left behind, according to tradition, by King Charles I and Prince Rupert at Wistow Hall after the Battle of Naseby retains a single stirrup of this kind.

There is, too, a single spur enamelled in green, white and black, in the R. L. Scott Collection, which was bequeathed to the Glasgow Corporation Museum and Art Gallery in 1939. Engravings of Bullock's *Liverpool Museum* in the early nineteenth century record the existence of another spur of this kind, which was said to have been found at Bosworth Field (though dating from long after the Wars of the Roses). Its present whereabouts is now unknown.

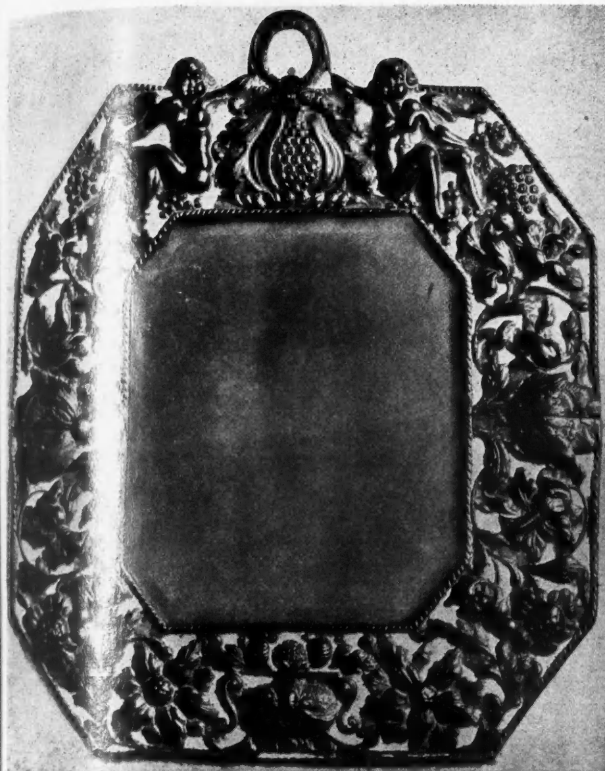
The majority of the above-mentioned stirrups are of a straight-sided inverted U shape, but the Tower stirrups are rounded, with a large enamelled tread and an enamelled plaque on the front of the box at the top through which the stirrup leather passes.

One of the pairs in the Victoria and Albert Museum, which came from the Fitzhugh collection, is also rounded and the enamel is red and white. Because this pair differs in shape from the others and was at that time the only known instance to have these colours in combination, Mr. Beard attributed to them a foreign origin. Any doubt



(Left) 3.—SPUR, ENAMELLED GREEN, WHITE AND BLACK. Glasgow Museum. (Below left) 4.—BRASS STIRRUP WITH GREEN AND WHITE ENAMEL. (Below) 5.—POWDER-FLASK. Brass, with head and cypher of King Charles II in yellow and white enamel. Royal Armoury, Windsor Castle





6.—MIRROR DECORATED IN BLUE AND WHITE ENAMEL, FROM THE COLLECTION OF CAPTAIN N. R. COLVILLE

remain of their English origin is now removed by comparison with the Tower examples, which show considerable affinity in style with Captain Colville's mirror, formerly in the Mulliner collection (Fig. 6) and Mr. Partridge's sconce (Fig. 7).

The pomegranate decoration on the Victoria and Albert Museum stirrups suggested to Mr. Beard a Spanish origin. But the *motif* is a general one of no more significance than the bunches of grapes which appear on many of these English enamels, and one finds pomegranates again on Captain Colville's mirror. The three crowns may with more probability represent the three kingdoms of England, Scotland and France which occur in the title and arms of the Stuart kings, than the three kingdoms of the Iberian Peninsula.

It is possible to distinguish among these enamels two different styles. Firstly, there is what one might call the flat and linear style, somewhat resembling Oriental *cloisonné* work in appearance, which is represented by the Mulliner fire-dogs and the candlesticks in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and in fact by the majority of these enamels. In this group the decorative elements of tulips, wild roses, etc., are filled in with colour as well as the background, and the raised portions of the brass matrix supply no more than the outlines of the design.

Then there is another group, more florid in design and typically Charles II in feeling, of which the decorative elements are in relief in brass finished with chasing, while the colour is used mainly as a background. As to the second group that the Tower stirrups and stirrups belong. One finds the same florid leaves on Captain Colville's mirror and Mr. Partridge's sconce, formerly in Captain Colville's possession. It is clear, however, that both styles come from the same workshop, as in certain cases both are combined in the same instance, notably on the second of Captain Colville's sconces, which displays both the florid and linear forms of ornament.

The colours used in these enamels are white, red, black, and less commonly yellow, green and red, usually employed



7.—SCONCE and CANDLESTICK (one of a pair) Enamelled in blue and white, in the possession of Mr. Frank Partridge

either singly or two together; but in a few cases three; and on the fire-dogs from the Mulliner collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum four colours are combined.

The second acquisition for the Tower is a light sword, with a brass hilt with curved knuckle-guard, enamelled in turquoise blue. It is cast in two parts. The pommel with the head of a lion

with ram's horns and the grip are formed of one; and the knuckle-guard and shell-guard projecting at right angles at the side, the other. The whole is decorated with a conventional pattern of bunches of grapes, tulips and poppy-heads. The blade is straight, of flattened hexagonal section and double-edged. Very probably, like the blades of many swords of this date, it is of Solingen make. It bears the mark of the running wolf and the numerals (not date) 1.4.1.4. These numerals are also found in the order 1.4.4.1. and are not uncommon on German blades of the time of the Thirty Years' War.

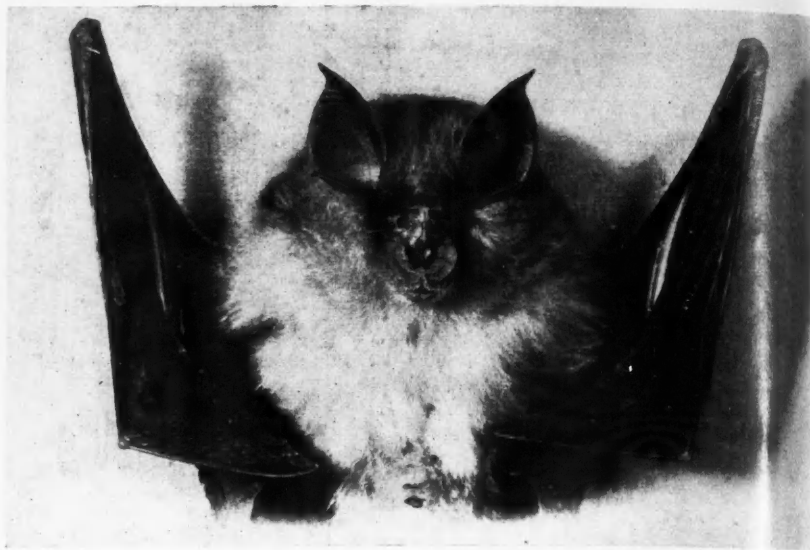
This sword, together with another of the same class with the hilt enamelled in black and white, came to light in the sale of the armour from Combe Abbey, Warwickshire, of Cornelia, Countess of Craven, at Sotheby's in 1922. Both were purchased by Mr. F. H. Cripps-Day, who has generously presented this one to the Tower Armouries. They were shown in the Charles II Exhibition in Grosvenor Gardens in 1932 and in the Exhibition of British Art at the Royal Academy in 1934. A third sword of this type, very like Mr. Cripps-Day's second example, with curved blade and brass hilt enamelled in blue and white, is in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

The English origin of these enamels is confirmed by the frequency with which they exhibit the royal arms of the House of Stuart. The royal arms are the most prominent feature of the Mulliner fire-dogs in the Victoria and Albert Museum. A powder-flask in the Royal Armoury at Windsor shows the crowned full-face bust and cypher of Charles II against a background of yellow and black enamel (Fig. 5), and a badge of similar design was illustrated by Mr. Beard. A circular plaque of the same school, with the royal arms on an enamelled background, also occurred in the Lockett sale.

The Tower Armouries with their long history are a rich and varied storehouse of native English metal-work, but until now there were no examples to be seen there of this small but interesting class of enamels as applied to military gear of the seventeenth century.



8.—FIRE-DOG, ONE OF A PAIR, ENAMELLED IN RED, BLUE, GREEN AND WHITE Mulliner collection Victoria and Albert Museum



(Left) THE GREATER HORSESHOE BAT'S REMARKABLE FACE. Showing the "nose-leaf" formation above the upper lip. (Right) FEW ANIMALS HAVE SO GROTESQUE A MASK. The nose-leaf is one of the most curious zoological "decorations"

HORSESHOE BATS OF MENDIP CAVES

By MICHAEL BLACKMORE. With photographs by MICHAEL BLACKMORE and ERIC J. HOSKING

THE south-western peninsula of England is a well-known habitat of an interesting family of bats—the *Rhinolophidae*, or horseshoe bats. Both the greater horseshoe (*Rhinolophus ferrum-equinum insulanus*) and its smaller congener the lesser horseshoe (*R. hipposideros minutus*) are common in Cornwall, Devon and Somerset. They are, perhaps, the most grotesque of all British mammals in appearance—even when compared with the remainder of that strange-looking group, the *Chiroptera*—by which name all bats are scientifically known.

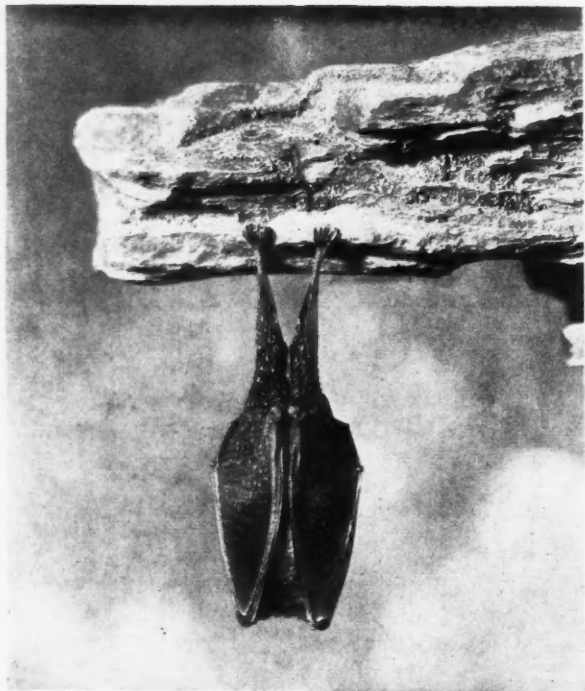
Horseshoe bats are particularly abundant in localities where caves exist. Indeed, there is good reason to believe that the presence of caves has an important influence on their distribution in Britain, for these bats are usually rare or

unrecorded in those counties which possess no suitable caverns. The Mendip Hills of Somerset (which stretch westward from the historic Roman city of Bath to the plains of Sedgemoor) are famed for their extensive caves; and in a locality such as this it is not surprising to find that both species of horseshoe bats are firmly established. These caves were formed long ago by subterranean rivers which, in the course of time, slowly carved a passage for themselves through the soft porous rock. Then gradually the water subsided, leaving a series of extensive galleries and chambers.

A wonderful example of this natural process may be seen at Cheddar Gorge—once a vast winding cavern nearly 500 ft. high, whose roof has collapsed along its entire length. It is difficult to estimate the approximate time

when this collapse took place, even if we allow a margin of error computed in terms of thousands of years. Likewise, it is beyond the powers of geologists to state within narrow limits the number of years it has taken for the Mendip caverns to be formed. But some realisation of their immense antiquity may be obtained from the fact that the stalactites and stalagmites which are found within them grow at the rate of approximately 1 in. in 4,000 years—and in some of the chambers there are specimens measuring several feet in length!

The cliffs at Cheddar are honeycombed in places by caves where primitive man once made his home and sought shelter from the fierce wild beasts which then roamed Britain. Rough implements of flint and bone are all that remain to-day of primitive man's existence, but the



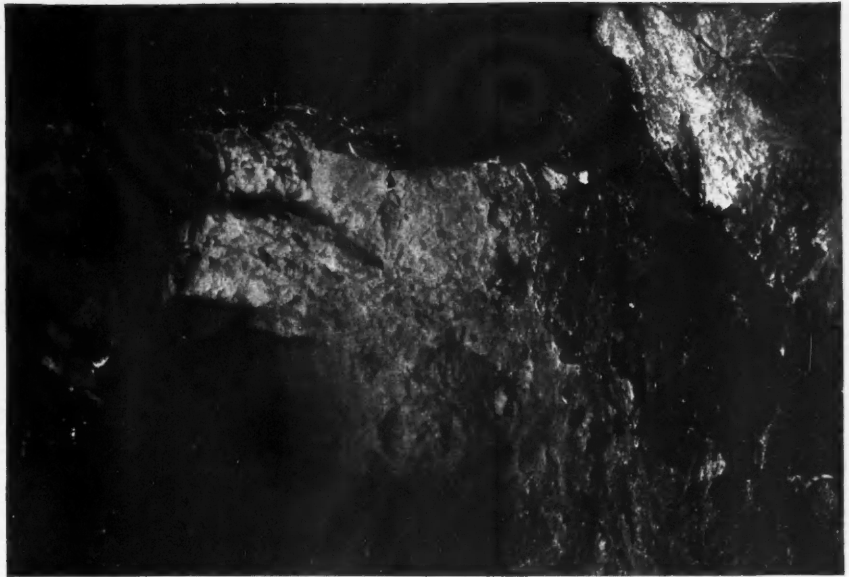
WHEN ASLEEP THE BAT RESEMBLES THE CHRYSALIS OF AN EXOTIC BUTTERFLY
They sleep so soundly that they often take 15 mins. to waken



TWO GREATER HORSESHOE BATS ON THE ALER
The specimen on the left has detached a foot from its resting-place preparatory to taking flight



NO BEAUTY, BUT A FINE BAT WITH A WING SPAN OF ABOUT 14 INS.



A TYPICAL HORSESHOE-BAT CAVE, WATERLOGGED BY WINTER RAINS

horseshoe bats which shared his rough dwelling-place still continue their ancient and unbroken tenancy.

The chief characteristic of these mammals (and one which makes identification a simple matter) is a nasal appendage, or "nose-leaf," shaped somewhat like a horse's iron shoe—hence the name *horseshoe* bat. This remarkable skin extension consists of three distinct sections. Situated above the upper lip and resting flat on the face is the *horseshoe*, in which the nostrils are placed. Above this comes the middle part or *sella*, protruding outwards; and above it is the *lancet*, a narrow, pointed and erect piece of skin, shaped like the tip of a spear.

When asleep, horseshoe bats resemble the chrysalis of some large exotic butterfly, as they hang motionless with both wings wrapped closely round their bodies. Should an intruder approach them too closely, however, they become aware of his presence immediately and draw themselves up by flexing both legs slightly—an uncanny action for an unconscious animal to perform.

The method employed by a horseshoe bat in alighting provides a good example of aerial skill and mastery. To do this, it flies within an inch or two of the place where it desires to settle, and, by means of an accurately timed somersault, it suddenly grasps and obtains a foothold. Thus in one perfectly executed manoeuvre the animal achieves the head-downwards position assumed by all *Chiroptera* in repose. Then, hanging by either one or both feet, the bat sways backwards and forwards and from

side to side, twisting and turning its body in a half-circle. Its delicate and mobile ears quiver like the fluttering wings of some bird held in a snare, until at last the creature either flies away or lapses into a drowsy state preparatory to sleep.

Horseshoe bats are incapable of crawling along a flat surface. Their only means of progression forwards while on the ground seems to be a series of short jumps of about an inch or so, made by flapping the wings. They can, however, rise from the ground into the air with ease—despite the assertion one sees so frequently made by writers that neither bats nor swifts are capable of performing this feat.

The food of the *Rhinolophidae* consists chiefly of beetles and moths. The greater horseshoe is especially fond of cockchafer, dor-beetles and yellow underwing moths, but the lesser horseshoe, being a small bat, feeds only on tiny beetles and moths, in addition to gnats and flies of similar size. The prey is invariably carried off to some resting-place, there to be dismembered and eaten at leisure, although a

few mouthfuls are occasionally swallowed during flight. In the Mendip caves little piles of discarded remains, composed of the wings of moths and the horny parts of beetles, may be seen below the places where bats feed. And these heaps assume very large proportions when several specimens have been in the habit of devouring their prey in the same place for a considerable time.

Some of the Mendip caverns at Cheddar and Wookey are open to the public, and owing to the installation of electric lighting in these "show caves" bats are now seldom seen in them. There are, however, several unlighted caverns where horseshoe bats dwell in large colonies during winter. But throughout the summer months they are found only in a few of the caves, selected as breeding places. These "nursing colonies" consist almost entirely of pregnant and virgin females, together with a few immature males. The adult males are rigorously excluded and form their own separate summer colonies in local church roofs and other buildings.



The bat on the right is drowsy; that on the left is stretching its wings preparatory to awakening. The one in the middle is combing its fur with one foot—the spend much time at their toilet

A HAMPSHIRE VILLAGE: Eversley

THE sandy moorlands—*Desarts*, Defoe called them—of Hampshire's north-east corner, are quite foreign to the high arable and downland typical of the county. Yet they have something in common with its opposite corner, the New Forest, and both were for centuries great hunting chases of the mediæval kings. The heaths south of the little River Blackwater, where motorists are familiar with Hartford Bridge Flats, formed Pamber and Eversley Forests, which the Norman kings hunted from Windsor. Indeed, the region has much closer ties with Royal Berkshire than with the Bishops of Winchester's shire; and Bramshill, Eversley's most historic place, owes its origin to a Constable of Windsor in Edward III's reign—Thomas Foxley. To James I, too, who saw a resemblance to his native moors, these heaths seem to be indirectly indebted for their transformation from waste to pine forest.

"Those delicious self-sown fir trees!" exclaimed Charles Kingsley a hundred years ago. "There they stand in their thousands, the sturdy Scots, colonising the desert, clustering together too as Scotsmen do abroad." Among King James's giants up in Bramshill Park, he said, was the only place in England where a painter can learn what Scots firs are. Now the self-sown fir woods have largely been replaced around Eversley by Forestry Commission plantations, but sufficient of the aborigines survive to point the change in the scenery between recent and earlier times.

Fuller, a contemporary, for instance, described Lord Zouche building Bramshill in 1605 "in a bleak and barren place." And Defoe, crossing Hartford Bridge Flats a century later, has nothing to say of any pine woods. The soil, he observed, "is not only poor but even quite steril, given up to Barrenness, horrid and frightful to look on. In passing this Heath on a Windy Day . . . the Sand appear'd spread over the adjacent fields some Miles distant. The Sand is indeed check'd by the Heather but the

Ground feeds no Creature but some very small Sheep." It would seem that the firs had made their appearance between 1724 and 1842, and it is likely that their point of dissemination in this neighbourhood was Bramshill Park. James I is popularly believed to have introduced the Scots fir to England; he certainly encouraged its planting, as he did mulberries; and Lord

Zouche, the builder of Bramshill, shared the king's interest in forestry. If this is so, it is a notable instance of a widespread scenic change produced largely fortuitously.

The poor opinion held in the eighteenth century of the now popular and populous moorlands did not prevent Eversley becoming one of the richest architectural parishes in England. The Jacobean glory of Bramshill, glowing with mellow colour of weathered stone and many-hued lichen brick, rises like the vision of a fairy palace above the russet of bracken and the tops of now ancient oaks and firs. Tradition has made the great house the scene of the folk legend of the Mistletoe Bough; and the park definitely witnessed that other mythlike episode when an Archbishop of Canterbury shot a game-keeper. Tradition, too, tells that the house was built by Lord Zouche for Henry, Prince of Wales, the elder son of James I, who died before he could take possession. The truth may be that the Prince considered buying the new mansion, convenient for Windsor and London, from his father's courtier, who was never so wealthy a man as the magnificence of his building would suggest.

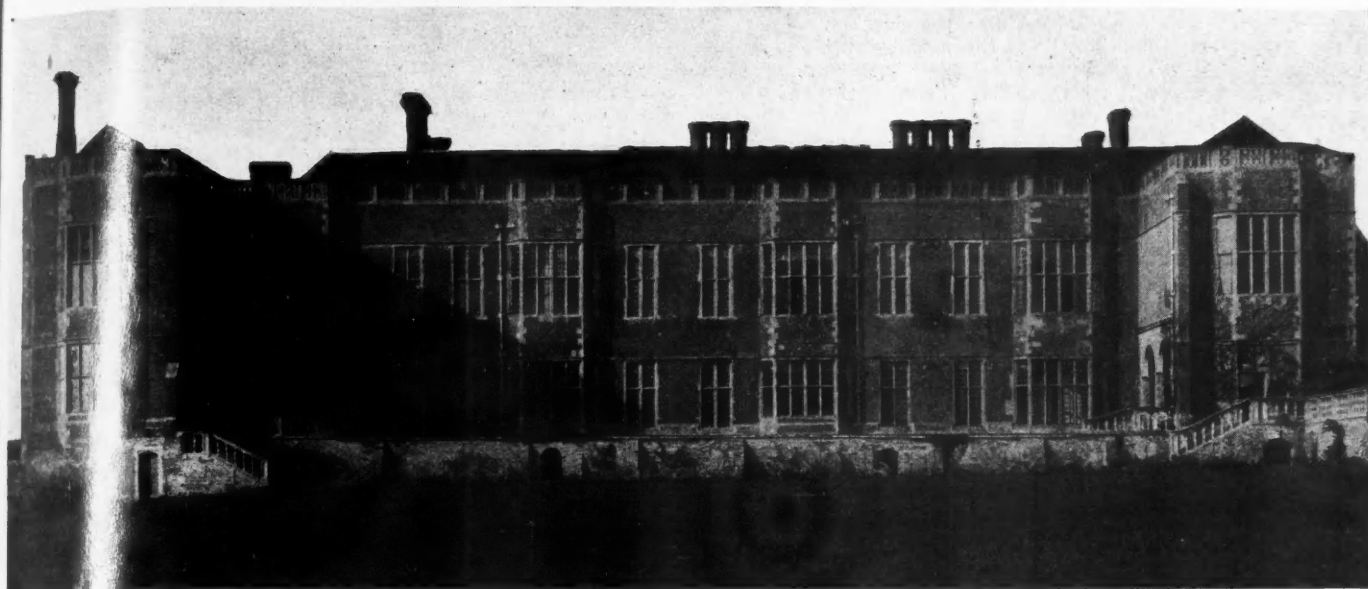
Lord Zouche, friend of Sir Henry Wotton, of Ben Jonson and Gerard the herbalist, probably himself supervised the shaping of Bramshill out of the earlier house that he purchased in 1605. Its direct influence on the neighbourhood, as has been suggested, was rather silvicultural than architectural. But there is at least one building, Brick House Farm (Fig. 12), on the south slopes of the parish culminating in



1.—WARBROOK, BUILT FOR HIMSELF IN 1724 BY THE ARCHITECT, JOHN JAMES



2.—JAMES'S RED-BRICK TOWER TO EVERSLEY CHURCH, FROM THE RECTORY GARDEN



3.—BRAMSHILL, GLOWING WITH MELLOW COLOUR OF WEATHERED STONE AND LICHENED BRICK

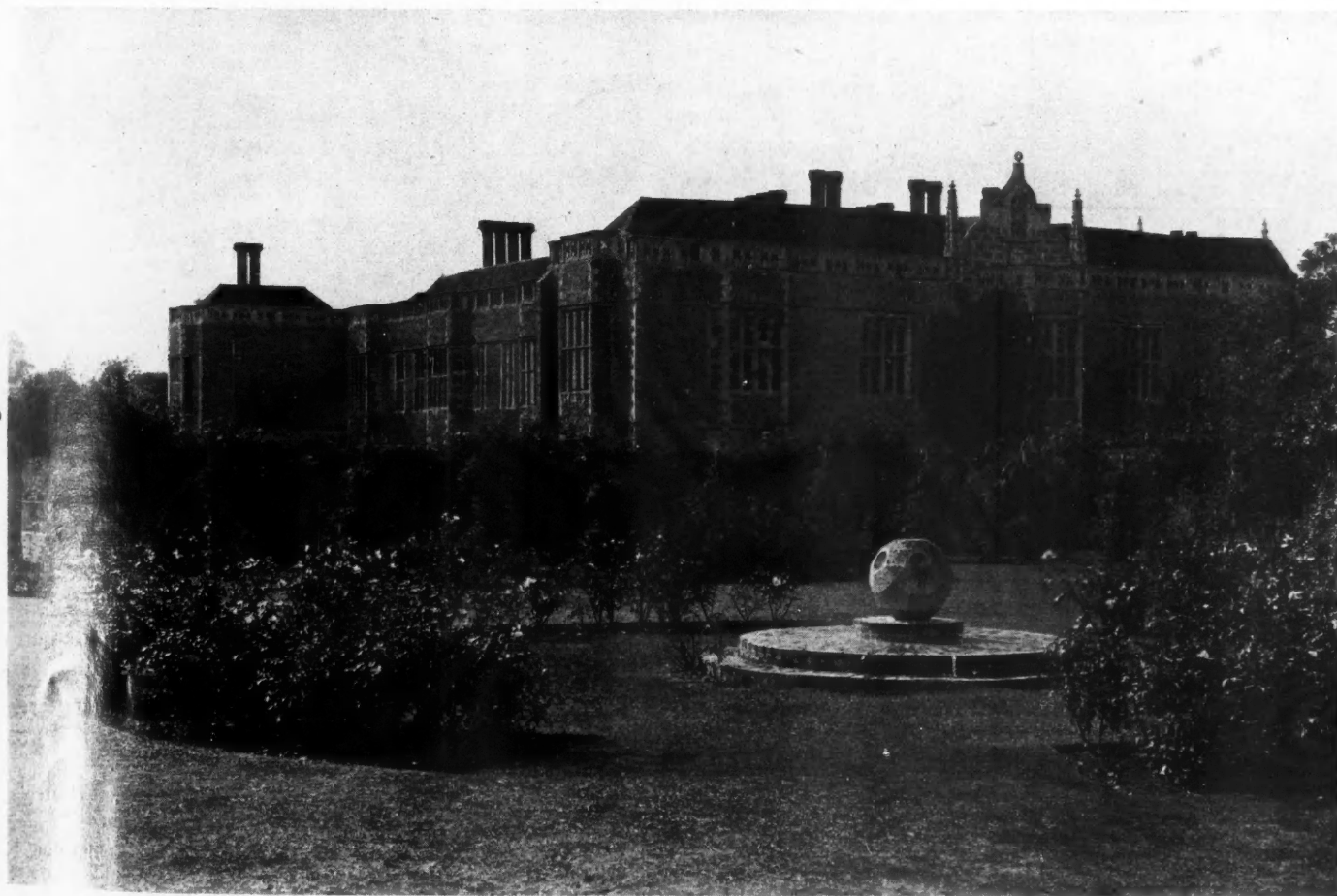
Hartford Bridge Flats, which was probably built soon afterwards and reflects the influence of Bramshill in its design and material. The foundations exist of the missing bay window on its north front. It is a little L-shaped house, tucked under the north side of a rising wood, and there is no wonder that, when Tennyson was on a visit to Kingsley, he was so drawn by its romantic appearance that he thought of establishing himself there. Kingsley, however, seems to have discouraged him, whether because he did not relish having Tennyson as a parishioner, or for what reason, I do not know.

But the personality that Eversley

architecture reflects most clearly is that of John James, one of Wren's principal assistants, who made his home in the parish, building for himself the lovely little Georgian house of Warbrook (Fig. 1). James of Greenwich, as he is known, was for 40 years Resident Surveyor at Greenwich Hospital, under Wren, Vanburgh, Hawksmoor, Campbell and Ripley, besides acting as Master Carpenter at St. Paul's, designing several of Queen Anne's Fifty Churches (St. George's, Hanover Square, is the best known), and three country houses. His attainments, however, were wider, including Italian and French, from which he translated Pozzo's *Perspective*, Perrault's *Five Orders*, and Le

Blond's *Theory and Practice of Gardening*. The views of the latter are reflected in the formal layout centred on a canal with which he adorned Warbrook.

Several of Wren's assistants made country homes for themselves that have survived: Christopher Kempster at Burford, Edward Strong at St. Albans. Why James settled in this out-of-the-way moorland parish, and indeed his very parentage, were forgotten till the present Rector, Mr. E. D. Dunlop, called the attention of Mr. Clifford Smith, F.S.A., to James's memorial in Eversley Church (Fig. 8). So far from being the son of a London printer, as stated in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, he was,



4.—BRAMSHILL'S ROSE AND RED WALLS SEEN FROM THE ROSE GARDEN

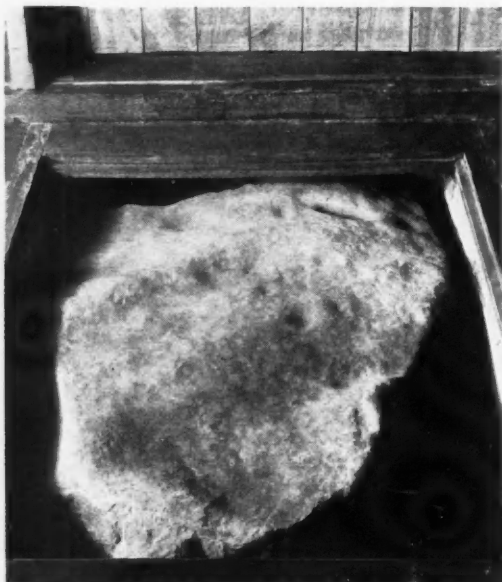
we learn from this unimpeachable source, the elder son of the Rev. John James, Rector of the neighbouring parish of Streatfield Turges, where we may suppose he conceived an affection for the *horrid Desarts* of the vicinity and ultimately bought a small estate.

James can be credited with several jobs in the village. In 1724 it was decided to rebuild the church—the same year in which James came back to Eversley. Between then and 1735, nave and tower were built afresh in red brick, the nave with round-headed windows, plain whitewashed interior, and a strong simple arcade dividing it from a single aisle. The tower, dated 1735, is in the kind of Gothic tradition with classic details which Hawksmoor practised at All Souls College and the west towers of Westminster Abbey, but here with less conscious effort and consequently more success (Fig. 2). The chancel screen, of three classical arches, though since altered, is of this date—the only Georgian screen in the county.

It was a happy coincidence that brought a famous London architect to live in the parish in the very year that the rebuilding of the church was begun. It is just possible, indeed, that John James, consulted on the rebuilding previously to the year inscribed on the porch, came to Eversley for that purpose, fell under the spell of his homeland, and bought the Warbrook property as a result.



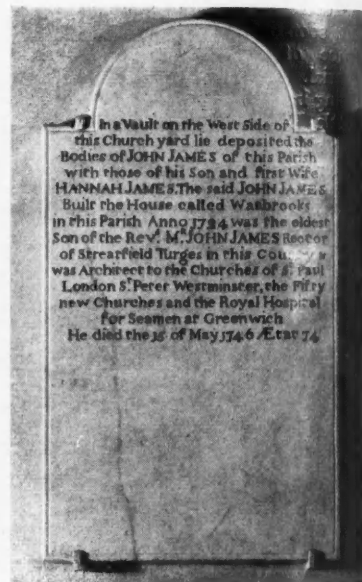
5.—THE NAVE OF EVERSLEY CHURCH IN THE TIME OF KINGSLEY



6.—THE EVERSLEY STONE
Discovered under the Church floor



7.—WEST END OF THE NAVE
Improved by the gallery's removal



8.—MEMORIAL OF JAMES "OF GREENWICH." In the Church



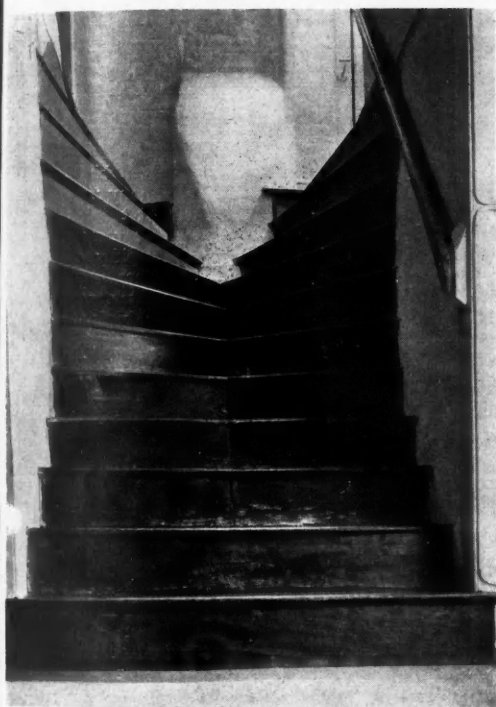
9.—MONUMENT TO MARIANNE LADY COPE, by JAMES REDFERN, 1878

When Kingsley came to Eversley, sheep were pastured in the neglected churchyard, the church was in a wretched state, a cracked kitchen basin held the baptismal water in the font, a moth-eaten cloth covered the rickety altar table. He had the necessary repairs made, and soon filled the church with both parishioners and admirers from far and near. A national fund was raised after his death and much of it was spent on the church. A west gallery was taken down, the box pews removed, and the Georgian ceiled roof changed to open rafters. The old water-colour (Fig. 5) shows the church in Kingsley's time. When Kingsley came, he supplemented the orchestra with a bassoon. It is interesting to record that the first organist, on the organ installed in 1886, was Sir Hugh Allen. Recently Mr. Dunlop has been able to get further admirable improvements made, including the installation of a fine electric organ that will play itself. The view of the west end (Fig. 7), with its beautifully placed Georgian tablets and clean white walls, catches well the church's present atmosphere of light and calm.

During the alterations a remarkable object was found beneath the floor: a huge Saxon boulder (Fig. 6). It is by far the oldest object in Eversley, perhaps even the origin of

the place. Such stones are occasionally found in old villages, used as foundations to a market cross, built into a market hall, or into the church or churchyard wall. Some believe them markstones of a prehistoric trackway system. According to Mr. Alfred Watkins's attractive theory, the termination "ley" indicates the presence of such a track and it is significant to find just such a stone in Eversley. Many markstones acquired sacred character and were adopted by early missionaries for the sites of Christian worship. On this rock the first church at Eversley was evidently built.

The Rectory was illustrated last year (July 17) in connection with the centenary of Kingsley's coming to Eversley. The delightful old house was reconstructed at the same time as the church, perhaps also under James's supervision. An amusing detail is the ingenious dividing staircase inserted to reach the attics (Fig. 10). The Rectory garden, made famous by Kingsley, is maintained admirably by his successor. Running along the west end of the church, walks bordered with irises, lupins, delphiniums and herbaceous successions form a lovely foreground to the old red tower.



10.—ATTIC STAIRCASE IN THE RECTORY

Two other houses in particular carry on the story of the eighteenth century rehabilitation of this village in the moorlands, where, as an indirect result of Defoe's strictures, the Corn Laws led to reclamation and prosperity. North of the church is the original manor house, now known as Church Farm (Fig. 11). Re-faced in brick, it contains a massive seventeenth-century staircase and no doubt the walls hide earlier timber framing. The present Manor House (Fig. 13), formerly known as Fir Grove, was built for Mr. Wadham Wyndham in 1736. Here again the hand of James "of Eversley" may be traced, a point that will be discussed next week when this charming house is illustrated in detail. Since the sale of Bramshill to Lord Brocklet, it has become the home of Sir Anthony Cope and his wife, Lady Cope. At Bramshill Lord Brocklet was able to complete, before the outbreak of war, important structural repairs, so safeguarding to the nation perhaps the loveliest of great Jacobean houses. Its noble rooms are serving now a noble purpose as the headquarters of the British Red Cross Society.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.



11.—CHURCH FARM, FORMERLY EVERSLEY MANOR HOUSE



12.—BRICK HOUSE FARM, WHERE TENNYSON WISHED TO LIVE



13.—THE MANOR HOUSE, 1736. FORMERLY FIR GROVE

A COUNTRYMAN

By E. L. GRANT WATSON

HE watched me with what I thought was a suspicious eye. I was lecturing for the Workers' Educational Association, and this was my first introduction to a remote and truly rural parish in North Devon. He was an old man and suggestive of a wary but not ill-disposed badger. The long lines of his face imparted a somewhat sad expression, as though the weather, with its wind and its rain, had blown against it a little too much during his life; I also had the feeling that he knew a good deal about the subject on which I was talking. I had been telling of stoats and of their panic-producing effect on rabbits, and of how, on small birds, they did not produce panic, but an extreme, irrational anger, which led the victims ever nearer and nearer to the stoat, which danced for their beguilement, flinging himself high into the air, and showing the pale yellow of his belly.

A faint smile touched the long features of my countryman, and I felt that his slowly-forming opinion on me was not altogether condemnatory. I invited his comment.

"Yes, often's the time I've seen stoats dancing, flinging themselves high in air and showing the white of their bellies, even when there are no birds there, and no rabbits either. Yes, I've seen 'em."

And now he was smiling, sitting upright, leaning back in his chair. "I remember one morning, I was out with my gun; the sun wasn't yet up; I was peering over a gate, leaning up against un, to see if there was a rabbit on the other side. There, but a few yards away, was a stoat, and he was leaping up, just as you said, in amongst the young cabbage plants. I watched for some while to see what he be after, till the sun came up. There was nothing there; he was jumping for his own sport."

"Perhaps he was trying to draw the attention of some birds," I suggested, for I had seen a rook brought down out of the sky to flutter in protest above a stoat.

"That may be, but no birds was there."

"What happened?"

"After a while he saw me. Then he stopped leaping, and came to see what I was like. I squeaked like a mouse at 'em, and he set up on his hind legs, with his front paws hanging down, just like a little dog. When I squeaked, he put his head on one side to listen, then he came a little nearer, and set up again. When he'd had a good look at me, he ran off among the cabbages. Never a sign of any fear."

"Another time, I mind," he said after a pause, "I saw a strange thing: a couple of stoats and six young ones, and they were out hunting a hedge together, teaching the young ones to hunt. One of the parents was in front, the six little ones following, and the other parent behind. At first sight I thought it was a snake coming through the bracken and weeds—a queer sort of snake! Have you ever seen anything like that, Mister?"

I admitted I had not.

"Just like a snake they was," he repeated, "twisting in and out, nose to tail, sometimes into a rabbit-hole, and then out again. They came along towards me, but didn't seem a bit afraid, and went on down the hedge, in and out of the fern."

Again after a pause, he repeated: "Just like a snake."

The next day I was grubbing roots, on what is to be a new potato-patch, with Mark Squire, who works for me when he can spare time from his own small farm. In an interval, I told him the story that Old Richards had told about the stoats. His handsome face lighted up. "Ah, he's one of the natives," he said. "He was born here, and his father before him. His father used to be sexton up at the church, while my father worked on the estate. He knows a lot more than what the young fellows do, and I dare say he saw these very trees

planted whose stubs we are grubbing-up. They were planted 60 years ago."

"Yes, he told me he did, and about the red squirrels that lived in them when they were young trees, and how he'd watched them sitting on the ends of the branches, eating the fir-cones. I wish they'd pulled up the roots when they took away the trees," I added.

"'Twould have saved a lot of work." Squire smiled at his recollections. "Mr. Richards always been a lot older than me, of course. He's a clever old man, you wouldn't believe."

"I think I would." But Squire didn't notice my interruption, and went on: "He can make a guitar just as well as any man, and he's a wonderful good wood-carver; and he's the sort to notice things. Always about the country with a gun. A wonderful good shot, but not one to be always killing."

He paused, and we surveyed the broken earth and the huge roots already grubbed and lying waiting to be rolled down the slope and

into the swamp beyond. "The larch are not so tough," Squire said, "but it's the Scotch that are the beggars with their long screw roots that go straight down ten feet and more. Always plant Scotch at the edge, to shelter the others."

After this interlude, and seeing that I was not pressing to get on with the work, he said: "His father was sexton, and many's the coffin he's lowered—and shovelled the earth over. He didn't like flowers being put on graves; didn't seem to think it was the right place for them. But he couldn't say nor do anything. The flowers was put on the graves, and he had to stand and watch. 'But don't let anyone put any flowers on my grave,' he used to say. 'And if any are put, then I'll come and blow them away again. You see if I don't.'"

"When he came to die and be buried, my father was there filling in the earth, and when it was all finished," Squire was wiping the mud from the axe-head with his thumb, "my father thought he'd see if he could wiff 'em away. There was a jar of flowers standing on a grave near by; he took an' put it on the new-made grave."

Squire paused to look at me closely, and a happy smile lit his features, satisfied at the right and ordered stability of things. "Next morning, they were still there."

SHOTS AND SHOOTERS

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

A QUESTION which will never be answered categorically or finally even by those best qualified to judge is that once hardy annual, "What is the most difficult shot?" Just as one man's meat is another's poison, so is usually the bird to which he is least accustomed the bugbear of the most experienced shot. Besides, the most difficult shot and the most difficult bird are not necessarily one and the same, and that is why a dozen men may each give quite valid reasons for their assertions as to the degree of difficulty in respect of a dozen different species. Each, postulating different circumstances of environment, wind and weather may be perfectly right. None the less each will be preaching to the unconvertible.

HALF A TRUTH

Suppose one puts the question in another form, and asks why it should be that men of steady and even notable skill at certain types of game fail dismally when confronted with other kinds at which they get less practice. The answer to this is the key to many problems that confront the aspirant to all-round shooting honours, for, although one might think that the best shots would be found in districts where game abounds and men live with guns in their hands, this does not necessarily follow. I have seen some noted snipe shots transferred from their native haunts to make a most unseemly hash of driven partridges and pheasants. "Practice makes perfect" is a generalisation which, like many another, is only half a truth, for, otherwise, how comes it that "X," with whom we have shot regularly these 30 years, still remains decidedly in the mediocre class, while his offspring, since his début a couple of seasons ago, wipes his sire's eye with almost indecent regularity?

From many years' observation, in the vain pursuit of self-improvement, I am convinced that only exceptional mastery of their weapons, combined with a knowledge, instinctive or acquired, of the flights of various birds, enables men to adapt themselves to any environment. Thus they probably employ many methods, very likely subconsciously, which are not apparent to the observer but which all contribute in some measure to the accomplishment of the end in view.

Theoretically, with a properly fitting gun, good cartridges and shot sizes adapted to the nature of your quarry, at least eight out of every ten birds fired at within 40 yds. should find their way into the game-bag. They don't, but nearly every time you miss it is your fault and not the fault of your weapons.

It does not matter how fast a bird may be travelling, the shot travels many times faster and will reach its mark if, at the instant the shot is discharged, the muzzle covers the proper point, which is usually a rapidly calculated point at a greater or less distance from the bird itself. To attain an approximate correctness in this lightning calculation when birds of varying flights at different distances present themselves is the really difficult problem which the young shooter must master. Any novice may easily hit a small fixed mark at short range, but once that mark is in motion, rapid brain-work comes into play.

Although it is impossible to be dogmatic as to any particular shot, it may be suggested that the following are fairly general rules for the uninitiated. Hold a trifle low for birds flying straight away; just above those rapidly rising without a lateral twist and those going straight and close to the ground. Hold above and ahead of birds rising in their flight to right or left and ahead and below those lowering. Hold dead on an incomer (and let him have it good and quick, for every yard the closer, the smaller is the spread of shot). Hold ahead of birds passing over. Last, but by no means least, never check the even swing of the gun at any flying object.

SNAP AND QUICK

Shooters may roughly be divided into three categories: the snap, the quick and the deliberate shot. The first, frequently met with in the ranks of snipe-shooters, on a day when nerve, eye and muscle are well in tune, is a wizard, but on his off day, when he misses the first few shots, he often goes completely to pieces. Relying on an exceptionally keen eyesight and a natural instinct of alignment, he seems scarcely to look along his barrels and to fire simultaneously as the butt touches the shoulder. Therefore he has as a rule little control over his second barrel, and, although speed is an admirable virtue, his methods are not such as should commend themselves to the novice for imitation.

The quick shot—incidentally the best shot—is the man of responsive nerve and such control of his gun that he can shoot fast or slow as occasion demands. Even when surprised, no matter how he is carrying the weapon, he can manipulate it almost as quickly as with a far higher degree of accuracy than the snap shooter. His faculty of eye and hand co-ordinating with the telepathy of the brain in a split second, as well as a natural grace, mainly contributes to this advantage. There is an almost imperceptible interval in which he

makes a lightning change of eye-focus, just sufficient to allow the barrels to align. During that brief glimpse the elevation is proved without the eyes being diverted from the object.

The deliberate method of shooting is quite different. Its exponent will not loose off until he is sure that the most favourable second has arrived. A man of his type is apt to work to a gradually increasing speed or conversely to become definitely slow—in other words, he may develop such over-caution as will lead to abstinence from all shots that are not done within a certain range and angle.

FACTORS OF TEMPERAMENT

It is doubtful whether averages prove a great deal. Temperament enters very largely into shooting and the man who can fairly consistently kill a three snipe or "various" out of five (the qualifying as a pretty useful performer) will often go to pieces at any shoot where he comes under the (fancied) critical faculties of a few acquaintances. Confidence is half the battle, and the constitutionally shy or nervous man, starting a day unluckily, will very likely go from bad to worse. Yet, in familiar company and surroundings even a bad start will not daunt him, simply because he is

oblivious, or at any rate careless, of friendly criticism.

A DAY OF EVERYTHING

Then, too, draw a mental picture of individual experiences which are common to all of us. You are invited to a day which comprises a certain amount of everything, and at your first stand outside a spiny birds are coming nicely—two pretty shots overhead and one half right—all three down. Next you snap a woodcock at precisely the right second, and a very high pigeon is really a gallery shot. Five birds to five cartridges—splendid! But the next stand is underneath a hanging wood, and you have a very limited field of view in front, while behind is a tangle of low scrub with a dark background of fir trees, against which you find it hard to keep your birds in sight. The first two pheasants coming off the hill-top pass over at a good 60 and 45 yds. up, and by contrast the next three skim at little more than head height, and for decency's sake you needs must hold your fire until they lose themselves against the darkness of the firs.

Eleven cartridges and nothing to show, but never mind, a rabbit is bowled over before he attains the safety of the scrub. More clucking and another two cock pheasants. Got one at any rate; but did you? After the beat the

dogs say "No!" Along the gorse and rough grass of the downland you get your next bird; miss clean a brace of rather wild pheasants, and curiously enough there is no sign of that rabbit which you are positive you slew as he streaked under the furze. Two snipe out of three (a pretty useful average) are your reward.

How is that? Thirty-two empty cartridges to nine head gathered, and probably you have experienced only three really difficult shots.

DELIBERATION DANGERS

Perhaps the novice shooter will more advantageously study the methods of those "quick" shots with whom he comes in contact. For, although I do not suggest for a moment that the deliberate shot cannot kill game and kill it well, too much deliberation is apt to develop into "poking" and poking is one of the deadly sins. A pottering and undecided shot will never attain to expert rank; nor will there be any brilliancy in his execution. Like the over-cautious setter, hesitant to advance lest he should make a fault, the gun will eventually find himself too slow for covert-shooting and for five chances out of ten offered in the open. The crisp action is apt to be lost for good once a man begins to be troubled with the growing pains of hesitation.

HAVE ELEPHANTS A SENSE OF HUMOUR?

By E. C. STUART BAKER

PROBABLY most men who have had much to do with elephants either in captivity or in their wild state would reply that individualism is as great in elephants as it is in human beings and that, while some are absolutely devoid of humour, others possess it in great degree. Personally I am no expert on elephants, though I have shot a few because I had to, have possessed a few as pack animals or for big-game shooting, and have travelled many hundreds of miles on their backs. To me it has always appeared that in many elephants the love of a joke is very strongly developed, but that the joke is nearly always of a mischievous and destructive character.

I have known many elephants who, either in herds or as single individuals, rejoiced in the destruction of villagers' houses, rest-houses and, above all, of bridges. Of course all these were seldom substantial or well-built structures; the buildings were made with bamboo walls, thatched roofs of bamboo-leaves, and generally on a platform about a couple of feet high. They made ideal objects to pull to pieces. Sometimes thatch was merely twitched off the roofs, sometimes a fence smashed or, more rarely, a post pulled down; after which the huge beasts would depart almost before they had been heard. Sometimes, however, destruction was of far greater extent and the elephants went on with their work of demolition until the villagers turned out and frightened them off with brands snatched from their fires and, if they had the luck to burn one or two of the intruders, the elephants seldom came again.

BEYOND A JOKE

A solitary mischievous beast is often far more dangerous than a herd and in its wanton energy causes danger to life.

One such beast as this, after many marauding excursions and after pulling down many huts, took to hunting the occupants and did actually kill one woman and her child. This was beyond a joke and required my personal attention.

When he had paid the penalty for his misdeeds, an examination of his tusks showed one to consist merely of a ring in the jaw—dead, not eaten ivory—so that one could understand how his awful toothache had driven him practically mad.

One of the bridge-destroyers took a special delight in getting under the bridge and destroying a few of the uprights in the very centre, and in doing it in such a way that no one could see what had been done. More than once my gun and I have retired very quickly through the centre of such breaks, when I have

felt that an elephant was probably "smiling up his sleeve" in the bamboo jungle close by.

Sometimes a joke recoils on the elephant. Two pack elephants were once standing in my garden waiting to be loaded when a very minute toy black-and-tan terrier wandered up to investigate, whereupon one of the elephants collected a trunk full of dust and blew it at the terrier and I could have sworn she smiled and winked. But next instant the infuriated small dog bore down on her, cursing her with all the bad words ever invented in dog-language. For a short second she backed away, the smile faded and was replaced by a look of abject terror as she bolted for dear life, screaming with fright.

DESTROYER OF BOATS

In North Cachar some of the tribes used the larger streams as highways to boat their cotton and paddy to the plains, where they exchanged them for salt and puppy-dogs.

On one such occasion half a dozen of the dugouts, long, narrow affairs about 18 ins. to 24 ins. wide and perhaps 40 ft. to 60 ft. long, had at dusk tied up for the night by a sandbank in the Diyung River. Leaving the boats, the men wandered off into the jungle to gather firewood, etc., and when they returned ten minutes later they disturbed a large elephant busy eating their paddy (unhusked rice). He at once cleared off but had evidently enjoyed the meal, for he took to watching for the boats and helping himself to a good feed. Nor did he show much fear of the owners but eventually drove them away until he had had his fill. Later, having several times drawn blank, he thought he would "larn them a lesson," and deliberately got into the dugout, which would just take his huge feet, and trampled out the bottom.

A trip downstream by dugout seemed to be an easy solution to the matter, and off we went, arriving after three days' journey at the scene of the elephant's exploits.

No time was wasted, and hardly had we tied up before the Cacharies told me that they could hear him moving about in the distance. On the sandbank and within some 20 yds. of our boats there was a small cover of grass, equisetum and scrubby bushes in which, with my .500 Express, I took my position, though I had to lie down to keep properly hidden. A boat to hold grain was just in front of me, and the probability was that he would march straight to this.

After moving about for some time in the jungle he came out to inspect his river domain and soon spotted the boats tied up to the bank. As arranged, the crews at once took to trees

in the adjacent forest, while the elephant trotted down to see what the boat contained and, finding paddy, at once commenced to feed. For a time he refused to get into a good position for a shot, but eventually turned slightly round and then, bending a trifle to get at the grain, offered a perfect shot and dropped to the report of my rifle.

A little lower down the river I had an opportunity of inspecting two of the dugouts he had walked in and found one to have the bottom literally pounded into holes while the second, a much stouter boat, had the bottom so cracked that it was useless.

Perhaps the best instance of humour, as exhibited by elephants within my own experience, was an exhibition given by a baby elephant of a few days old and barely 3 ft. high. He himself was a most comical-looking specimen with much dense black hair on forehead, skull, back and neck and a good deal elsewhere. In behaviour he was like a small boy, showing off before his parents and others. He would rush madly round and then throw himself on his back with all four legs in the air; leaping up like a rubber ball the next moment and standing on three legs with one hind leg held as high as possible.

A DEVILISH GRIN

During my visit some elephant attendants were working close by collecting grass and, seeing one of them bending down with his back to him, a perfectly devilish grin came into his eyes. Curling up his little trunk he suddenly made a rush and butted the man over, retreating at once to the shelter of his mother's forelegs, where he defied retaliation. The mahouts told me that within a few hours of his birth he was up to all sorts of tricks.

Obviously, watching elephants in their wild state does not give much opportunity of observing any humorous tricks, since they are so extraordinarily shy and secretive in their habits. One may be in forest or long grass in the middle of a herd and yet not able to see one till a puff of wind gives one away and there is a mighty crashing and stampede, not, the observer hopes, in his direction.

At other times one may be watching a bull elephant all alone or with one or two companions in the open. They may appear to be utterly unsuspicious, just drowsing the sunny afternoon away, when, suddenly, something draws their attention; in a second their massive forms are no longer visible and in a mysterious silence they have passed away. Yet, as I have already said, I personally believe some elephants have a keen sense of humour, which doubtless shows itself more in childhood than in maturer years.

MAKING A TROUT FISHERY

By A. CAMPBELL

IT would be a very clever—or a rather stupid—fellow who would profess to be able to put on paper how to make a trout fishery of a water he has never seen. Success or failure depends upon many factors, the precise influence of which is only partially understood.

In general, a lake offers more chance of success than a stream for the reason that the width, depth and speed of flow of the stream and the changes in level during floods and droughts cannot easily be altered. The stream has had a long history and has become what one sees because of this history. But lakes, especially small ones, can be—and indeed often are—the work of one man, planned and completed in a matter of months. The lake, then, will be considered first.

TO MAKE A LAKE

The ideal conditions are provided by an existing pond, or even a swampy depression, into and from which runs a stream. There should be higher ground some little distance from the original pond, and the contours at the down-stream end should be such that a short dam can be thrown across, behind which a lake many times the area of the old pond will be formed. The outgoing stream should have sufficient fall to enable the new lake to be drained without danger of flooding lower down the valley. This is important, for, as we shall see, ability to lower the lake level will greatly assist subsequent management.

Even where all these conditions apparently exist, it will be wise to proceed with caution. The subsoil may be permeable and the volume of incoming water too small to make good consequent loss. Advice should be sought on this point, for a small expenditure of money on an expert opinion may save a good deal at a later stage.

In less suitable circumstances, the contours may be such that a wide but very shallow expanse of water will build up behind the proposed dam; this will involve excavation, using the earth removed to build containing-walls. It will add considerably to the cost, but with modern machinery the labour bill in terms of man-hours will be only a fraction of what it would have been a few years ago.

Trout will do better where the water temperature does not rise above 65° Fahr. In a shallow lake, fed by a small, sluggish stream, temperatures above this, rising to 72° Fahr., may be expected in normal summers. At such times trout will not die unless the bottom be foul, but they will tend to be sluggish, rising to a fly only in the cool of the evening.

The deeper the water the better, and the ideal lake should have one or more deep holes,

which can be excavated to a depth of not less than 8 ft. to 10 ft., while the rest of the lake can be 4 ft. to 6 ft. deep.

With depth and temperature is linked the rather thorny question of shade. Shade can be provided by overhanging trees, by weed beds, or by floating hurdles or mats of brushwood lashed together by wire. Trees will add to the æsthetic value of the new lake; they will provide shade, and can be spaced so as not to interfere with casting. But the bulk of indigenous trees lose their leaves in autumn, the season when many of the water plants die down and when streams in flood carry great accumulations of dead and decaying vegetation.

If fish are to be kept in the lake there must be grids, and these will need a great deal of attention if they are not to be clogged during the fall. Once they are allowed to clog, the water will flow over the top and some trout will be gone. Trout spawn in late December or early January, but some weeks before this will be nosing about the upper grid, striving to move up-stream in search of spawning grounds. The decision to plant trees around the margins should, therefore, be most carefully considered; there should certainly not be many, and one suggestion is to restrict them to that side away from the direction of the prevailing autumnal winds.

THE WEED PROBLEM

The problem of weeds is much more complex. Nearly everyone can call to mind a lake, frequently an artificial one, which in winter is as likely a looking sheet of water as one could wish to see, but which in summer can scarcely be distinguished from the surrounding meadow. Weeds have taken charge.

A restricted crop of water plants there must be, for they supply the oxygen that trout, like all other animals, must have for respiration. Beds of weed, too, will be the home of large numbers of insects, especially of nymphs of the smaller mayflies. The problem—and it is

a very real one—is to prevent the weeds from getting the upper hand. If they do, the result will be disastrous, for not only will fishing be impossible, but also it is more than likely that, following their death and decay in the autumn, conditions lethal to trout will result. The products of decay, falling to the bottom, will produce in time a black, fine mud, rich in organic matter, leading inevitably to foulness.

When planning a new lake, then, it is essential to include provision for sustained attacks upon weeds. Plants already established in the existing pond or swampy depression should most

certainly be eradicated; water lilies, especially, should be ruthlessly attacked, and they are fearsome things to tackle.

The control of weeds will be much simplified if provision has been made to lower the lake level. In any event, weeds should be drastically thinned by means of chain scythes in the spring or early summer and again, if need be, later in the year. Isolated patches should be left, but their spread, especially that of the tougher sorts, should be watched.

One disadvantage attendant upon weed-cutting is that the natural food supplies will probably be inadequate to support a large stock of trout. At first, on newly flooded land, there should be abundant food and the first batches of trout to be introduced will probably grow well, but later the older fish may have a disappointingly lean and lanky appearance.

After some time, when experience—and possibly some bitter experience—has shown how to tackle the weed and other problems, and when the flora is settling down to some sort of stability, it should be possible to deal less drastically with the weeds, leaving larger clumps. The fact will probably always have to be faced, however, that the supply of natural food may never suffice for the head of fish it is desired to maintain to make angling a pleasure.

SPRING BUYING

The number of trout to be bought each spring can be fixed only by experience; it should be about the same as the annual catch. This, in turn, will depend upon the appearance of fish taken late in the season. If growth has been poor, there will be no point in leaving a large number to spoil next year's baskets by their wretched appearance or poor fighting qualities. If, on the other hand, the stock seems to be doing well, the pleasures of fishing will be enormously increased by the prospect of the really big one.

This problem is bound up with that of spawning. It is known that trout will spawn on rocky lake shores, but it is improbable that they would do so in an artificial lake with a soft bottom. Ripe fish which have failed to spawn, becoming egg-bound, may re-absorb the eggs, but are unlikely to do much good. The best way out of the difficulty is to let the lake in December, to hold the fish temporarily in some small pond, stripping them of eggs or milt when ripe and returning them to the lake.

The size at which trout should be introduced will depend partly upon the amount of money one can afford, and partly upon the size of grid which local conditions make possible at the exit and entry of the lake. Half-pound brown trout or Shasta Rainbows offer good sport and are in no way to be despised, and a



GENERAL VIEW OF A MADE LAKE FROM ITS HEAD
The dam is at the far end, to the right of the boat-house



A DAM BUILT OF WORKED STONE, FACED WITH CEMENT AND REINFORCED WITH PIERS
The overflow gap is between the second and third piers from the left

start might well be made with these. Upon the growth made during the first year will depend the selection of next year's batch.

IMPROVING A RIVER

There is much less that can be done to mould even a small river to one's wishes. It is generally beyond one's power to increase the volume of water flowing between two points; to decrease it is not difficult. The rate of flow can be changed, provided it is not already very slow, and the first task will be to clear the bed of all obstructions in the form of tree-trunks, branches and large-rooted plants. After this has been done, a series of pools and small cascades can be produced by weirs, which are most easily constructed by fixing to stout posts a strip of wire netting, reaching from bank to bank. The meshes will soon become clogged with twigs and leaves, forming a dam with a pool above and a fall below.

Care must be taken to see that the banks are high enough on the up-stream side of the dam to prevent flooding. A close watch will have to be kept, too, on the banks immediately above the dam, and reinforcement with stakes or bags of concrete may be necessary to prevent erosion. Below the dam the swifter current will wash away mud banks, possibly uncovering a gravelly bottom, but this mud will be deposited as soon as the current slackens in the pool below.

It will be a wise precaution, then, to clear out as much mud as possible from those stretches where the new pools will form before the dams are built. A succession of pools and runs will add greatly to the interest of a stream and may well result in one in which trout will find the conditions they like.

Once again, the grids, especially the upper, will be a source of worry in the autumn. Whenever a grid is placed there must also be a plank bridge, for, otherwise, it will be much more difficult to keep the grids clean. It may be necessary, also, to reinforce the banks and the bottom to prevent erosion or undercutting. Finally, it must not be forgotten that trout can jump, and if they are not to be lost, the grid must project well above flood level and be sloped down-stream at an angle of about 30° from the vertical.



A DAM CONSTRUCTED BY MAKING FULL USE OF NATURAL ROCK
Intervening spaces filled with a wall of rough stone backed with earth and faced with cement. The construction is seen on the right where part of the turf has come away. The overflow is on the left

This article makes rather gloomy reading and gives, perhaps, the impression that it is none too easy to make a private trout fishery. It would have been pleasanter to have dilated upon the joys of throwing a fly on a lake or stream of one's own planning, having first dismissed in a few well-chosen sentences the obstacles to success. But to have minimised the difficulties would in the long run have led to greater disappointment. Difficulties there will be, but none that ingenuity, perseverance and careful planning cannot overcome.

The present moment is admittedly not the most suitable to start the construction of an artificial lake; shortage of labour and of machinery would present almost insuperable difficulties. When peace returns, however, these should be easily overcome and in the meantime the necessary preliminary surveys can be made. In these dark days the prospect of catching a trout even in the not immediate future is a solace, and the preparation of plans for one's own fishery will serve to take the mind off the problems of war-time existence.

A REMEMBERING MATCH

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

MANY years ago, I fancy it must have been in the last century, I and another young gentleman, with whom I shared rooms in the Temple, had a hymn-singing match. It was not a test of singing, in which neither of us professed any skill, but of memory. One of the parties would hum the first lines of a hymn, the other would reply perhaps "*Onward Christian Soldiers*," and would then in his turn set a problem. We went on for a long while before I gave in and admitted my opponent's superior prowess, and I must add in self-defence that he held a great advantage, for he was a parson's son and so much better brought up than I had been. I have never played that game again, but now in my old age I sometimes encounter a friend in a somewhat similar match about the road to Aberdovey. We set each other posers as to the names of villages, the order they come in and the public-houses they contain. He will try to stump me with the factory on the far side of Clipping Norton or the village with the agreeable copriary, and I retort with the Bell or the Lambuck or the exact whereabouts of Drake's thought. Owing to lack of petrol we have now both grown somewhat rusty and should, I fear, make a sad show, but we still find a nostalgic pleasure in the game, which is one for the strictest privacy. It would be impossible to conceive anything so tedious for a third party having the misfortune to be present.

Thinking about these childish amusements, I imagine a competition on similar lines in the remembering of golf holes. "A" would set as a problem the fourth hole at So-and-so. "B"

would reply: "Well, you have to skirt some birch trees on your left with your tee shot and then there's a cross-bunker to carry and—" "A" would thereupon admit that this was good enough and submit himself to his opponent's question. I believe I should prove myself a reasonably good player at this game, much better than some but certainly not a great one. There is one adversary whom nothing would induce me to face, namely James Braid. Ever since he once gave me the lowest number of a certain short hole at Aberdovey, 30 years and more after he had seen it for a single day, I realised that I was not at all in his class as a rememberer. Possibly that may have been rather a lucky shot on his part, but I know he is too good and I do not want to play him.

What is it that makes us remember some courses better than others? It is largely a matter of use and wont, of the number of rounds we have played on them, but it is not wholly so. The other day a friend who had spent a few days at St. Andrews for the first time told me that the home-coming nine holes almost instantly impressed themselves on his mind, but he was always a little confused between the out-going ones, which were to him less distinctive and had a greater family likeness. He, coming fresh to them, was naturally a far better judge than I could be, and no doubt some courses have holes of a sameness which makes them difficult to disentangle. No doubt also we remember most clearly courses on which we played early in our golfing career when we were at an impressionable stage. That is a rule that holds good of almost everything. One day during the last war when I was in Macedonia

and more bored even than usual, I amused myself by recalling the names of 70 boys who were in my house at school ("in college" to be more technical) when I first went there. This I succeeded in doing with an effort, and let me add boastfully that it is something which everybody could not do; but when I tried to repeat the performance for my last half at school I was not so successful.

The same rule holds good, I presume, of golf courses. I have just been playing in imagination the old nine-holes course at Eastbourne which I last played in reality more than 50 years ago, when I was 15. I could do it so easily and vividly that my verbal description could not keep up with my visual one. While I was still describing to myself the drive over the chalk-pit at the fourth and the green by the sham temple in the wood called Paradise, I saw myself skirting the sunk fence of Compton Place at the eighth and so home between the two plantations. That was as easy as shelling peas; but when I was 16 the course was turned into an 18-hole one and, though I played many rounds on it, its details have vanished and I am helpless. The same I find is true of Cromer; the nine holes which I played at 12 (some of them have tumbled into the sea since then) are all perfectly clear, but the 18 that I knew as an undergraduate are by comparison shrouded in mist.

When I first played on those courses I knew few others. Now my poor mind, if I may so term it, is a jumble of hundreds of them. Heaven knows I played enough on the 14-hole course of my own devising on the Vardar marshes, and yet even there I grow hazy. I

start away gaily enough: that and that and then the green with the fierce dogs, and the drive over the railway and the hole where we had an old French helmet for a flag, and the next tee where the persistent little gipsy girl came crying "Johnnie," and the long hole where a horse insisted on dying under our big rampart bunker. That is all very well, but there comes a point where I suffer from a partial "black-out" and the confounded holes will not add up to 14. We changed them once or twice because in summer-time some greens became unplayable from groves of giant thistles, and those changes have produced hopeless confusion. How ungrateful of me to forget! And yet I have.

A propos these queer antics of memory I wonder whether the ghosts of old clubs come back to other golfers as they do to me in connection with particular holes and shots. This would not be surprising if we were eminent persons and had won great matches through some one shot played at a crisis. It is easy to imagine Bobby Jones never forgetting the iron with which he hit the ball right home from a

shallow bunker at the seventeenth hole at St. Annes and took the championship out of poor Al Watrous's mouth. I believe, by the way, that he gave that iron away to an admirer, and if so the ghost of it must haunt him a little reproachfully. Even though we are so infinitely humbler than Bobby we have all had our relatively great shots, our petty triumphs and disasters; but for myself I do not recall my old clubs on that account. They spring into my mind in connection with a particular hole for no reason that I can explain. To give only one example, lest I be too great a bore, I cherished for many years—and it is still safely retired in a cupboard—a lofting iron with a bulging back. I must have played thousands of shots with it, some of them to me important; yet, if I think of that club, it always summons up the same picture to my mind, that of a hole on the Athens course at Eton, where the green was partially guarded by a fallen willow tree. There is no recollection of any particular shot, good, bad or indifferent, played there with it; but the whole scene, on a sunshiny day towards the

end of the Easter half, stands out clearly. So it is with a certain brassy, one of the early "socket" clubs made by Andrew Scott, which represents one shot, a perfectly ordinary drive in an ordinary game, played to the Crater hole at Aberdovey. I must not and will not go on, but these are surely odd tricks that golfing memory plays us.

If the reader has got so far, and even if he finds me intolerable, I hope perhaps my words may act as a stimulus to his own memory, so that he disregards me entirely and loses himself in a beautiful memory of old clubs, perhaps with long thin elegant heads, and charming old holes that have now fallen victims to the speculative builder. Unlike those games of remembering with which I began this article this one is not competitive and each golfer must play it by himself. There are worse things than playing by oneself, and some of these memories may go back to the time when we did so, with a wary eye on the couple behind lest they should march truculently through us as if we did not exist.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE IMPORTANCE OF COVERED STOCKYARDS

From Sir George E. Leon, Bt.

SIR,—I read with much interest Lord Northbrook's letter in your issue of February 19. He states that in his experience his cattle do better in open yards than in covered yards. I think he may be unfortunate in having a yard which in his letter he states is dark. I would agree with him if covered stockyards had of necessity to be dark, but this is not the case. The qualities of open-air living can I think be more than equalled in well-constructed covered yards.

A covered yard should not be deeper than 30 ft., and I think 25 ft. is even better, so that the back of the yard is not dark. The north, east, and west sides should be walled in, and if the walls are sufficiently high, small windows can be arranged near the roof that will increase the ventilation and light, but this is not really necessary if the yard is of considerable length, say 45 ft. to 90 ft. long, and, as I have suggested, not deeper than 25 ft. to 30 ft. Back entrances for feeding are useful and the height of the building should be 12 ft. to 15 ft. The yards (facing south or, even better, south-east) should be entirely open from ground to roof on the southern side and protected only by gates and post and rails. The cattle will be found lying near the posts and rails basking in the winter sun when there is any, and lying comfortably on deep straw protected from the wet and stormy weather.

With the increase in arable land and the great production of straw, no better use can be made of the manurial value of straw than having it piled up in covered yards in winter, making a warm bed for the cattle and a good fertiliser for the soil.—GEORGE E. LEON, *Warfield House, near Bracknell, Berkshire.*

THE CASE FOR PASTEURISATION

SIR,—I was much interested in the article on Pasteurisation by Professor Garrod in your issue for February 12. It left me wondering why, if the case for the pasteurisation of milk is as clear as he asserts, it has not long since been made punishable by law to sell it without pasteurisation.

As a mere layman with a life-long interest in such matters, may I ask for a little more information on the subject? I understand that pasteurised milk must be cooled quickly to 40° Fahr., and kept at that temperature. What happens if the milkman or housewife fails to do this? I have always understood that pasteurisation, though a valuable process, was inconclusive because,

although all living organisms are destroyed by it, the spores from which they can grow are not. I read that organisms that do not usually reproduce themselves in that way may do so under adverse conditions, such as lack of heat, moisture or food. Are none of the harmful bacilli carried by milk ever known to do this? If spores are swallowed in milk, and the conditions become favourable (for instance, from the heat and moisture of the body) surely there might be some danger that they would have appeared again in the active form before leaving the body?

If it is argued that the digestive juices would destroy the spore in its thick covering, surely they would also destroy the soft bacillus?

I see that one authority says of pasteurisation: "This kills all pathogenic organisms excepting the tubercle bacillus." If that exception were correct the greatest advantage promised from pasteurisation is not in its power to afford. Your correspondent says: "Perhaps the worst of all milk dangers is the transmission of typhoid fever." Another authority (writing before 1936) says: "Occasionally small epidemics may have been caused by milk." This lack of unanimity among authorities is unhappy. What is needed with regard to pasteurisation is a clear, definite and authoritative pronouncement as to its value, and then appropriate action. I should imagine, however, that a decision on some questions such as what bacilli will produce spores under such-and-such conditions may be difficult to decide, for the field to be covered is a very wide one.—BEJAX.

[We have sent our correspondent's letter to Professor Garrod, who replies as follows: "Although pasteurisation destroys the agents of all disease which can be acquired by drinking milk, the temperature used is too low to kill either spores or certain 'thermophilic' bacteria. These are harmless in themselves, because there is no spore-forming bacillus which attacks the body when swallowed: those that are dangerous can only cause disease when introduced into wounds. But these heat-resistant bacteria can cause decomposition, rendering milk unpalatable. It is of course desirable to cool all milk to prevent bacterial growth and hence souring, but imperative after pasteurisation, because otherwise it will remain abnormally warm for several hours, and at such a temperature bacterial growth is very rapid.

"Of the two 'authorities' quoted the first does certainly not deserve to be so described, since the statement that pasteurisation fails to kill tubercle bacilli is simply untrue. The statement of the other is misleading:

epidemics of typhoid and paratyphoid fever have undoubtedly been spread by milk, and their size depends only on the extent of the dairy's clientele. Bournemouth with 700 cases was exceptional, but milk-borne epidemics involving 166, 400, and 218 cases respectively occurred in Hertfordshire (1927), London (1928), and Epping (1931)."—ED.]

THE HIGHLAND POWER SCHEME

SIR,—I am much interested in what you say in one of your leading articles in the February 26 issue, on the Highland power scheme. I think two points require serious investigation before the Bill is passed.

(1) Do the inhabitants of the north of Scotland want any industrial development in their country provided they can buy electric current for themselves through the existing Grid system when extended?

(2) Is the figure of power available from water anything like accurate unless a vastly greater expenditure than £30,000,000 is made?

The power in the north of Scotland must be aggregated from innumerable small streams running into the Atlantic, the Pentland Firth and the North Sea. The cost of electric current will be very high.—R. E. LAMBERT, *The Dower House, Crawley, Winchester.*

MR. ARTHUR MACHEN

SIR,—March 3, 1943, was the eightieth birthday of one of the most distinguished living men of letters, Mr. Arthur Machen. His friends and admirers have wished to honour the occasion by a birthday cheque, which will be of practical help to him. Subscriptions should be sent to Colin Summerford, c/o Westminster Bank, 1, Stratford Place, W.1; cheques being payable to the "Arthur Machen Fund" and crossed "Westminster Bank (Marylebone)." The fund is not closing for some months.—MAX BEERBOHM, ALGERNON BLACKWOOD, WALTER DE LA MARE, T. S. ELIOT, DESMOND MACCARTHY, COMPTON MACKENZIE, EDWARD MARSH, JOHN MASEFIELD, A. E. W. MASON, ARTHUR QUILLER-ROUCH, MICHAEL SADLEIR, G. BERNARD SHAW.

SARDINE-TIN ARCHITECTURE

SIR,—I am torn between horror and pity by the photographs of buildings for the "Better Britain" now displayed at the National Gallery, shown in your issue of February 26. Horror at their sardine-tin ugliness, pity for the starved imaginations of their designers and architects. I have seen this exhibition. It is platitudinous in its captions and neither original nor particularly well-planned.

I feel sure that COUNTRY LIFE, always a forum of opinion, will allow me space to discuss these ill-planned planners' dreams.

First, the photographs. *Housing Scheme for Flats* rather reminds me of an adolescent child's experiment with a Meccano set, while *A Projected New Town in Berkshire* seems to resemble a lot of derailed railway carriages. Next, *A Nursery School*, whose bleak whiteness and one picture remind one of a decorated but draughty lavatory. And, finally, Corbusier's *Type Form of a Modern City*, a series of up-ended concrete match-boxes set in a scrambled-egg mess of swastika-like rabbitries.

Corbusier's *Type Form*—jargon, mere jargon—is more stark and desolate than Karnak: far more unbecomingly than Memphis. I would rather live in Zimbabwe.

These bleak and forbidding neoteric streets, squares and crescents are sandwiched, with a great flourish, between slabs of grass and green trees, with here and there a sort of suburban gold-fish pond—presumably as a concession to, or an offset from, the lack of any sense of beauty, of tradition or of the grace and charm of diversity shown by the creators of these Nazi-fied standards of dull uniformity.

But that is not all. As I walked round this exhibition I met a number of unnatural phenomena. There was *Borough Unit*, a sprawled, ill-drawn, apparently drugged Negroid-Slav lying face down with a number of biscuit tins tattooed on his (or its) chest; then *Residential Unit*, a comatose female with distinctly bad points and a number of blocks of flats etched on her torso. Finally, I encountered *District Unit*, a rare type of Pharaonic-Negroid body floating, drowned, in an unhealthy-looking sea with its feet in what appears to be an amorphous wrack of sclerotic liver. Dog-tracks decorate its breast.

I ask, timidly, what is the meaning of all this? Why does the National Gallery do it in a war? Why waste the space? Who pays the rent and the electric-light bill? What does it teach us? Many of your readers who are responsible architects must ask the same questions.

I have no doubt that these childish crudities of design will be described as "functional"—that up-to-the-minute piece of jargon which so often excuses laziness, lack of imagination and downright ugliness in building, quite apart from aiding and abetting commercial opportunism.

Thank God all our town planners are not yet dead to the responsibility which they are supposed to inherit in the building of parts of our cruelly devastated England which for centuries has been, in the main, the

pattern and mould of beauty. We are not fighting in order to live in a land that will be fit only for cement-mixers and robot factory hands.

Seriously, this sort of thing contributes little or nothing to the cause of good architecture. It is a lamentable fact that this chromium-plated, sardine-tin age of pretentious mediocrity has, with certain noble and notable exceptions, produced some deplorable architecture—façades and lines which are a disgrace to the age. One has only to contemplate the already grimy mountain range in Berkeley Square, with

Then, for heaven's sake, let the job-hunting planners and jerry-architects knock a little more space out of their heads, and devise something better than mere mechanical blocks of stone, iron and rubble.

We are in danger of creating a thoroughly unbecoming—although possibly well-plumbed and well-lit—Britain. I doubt if a defenceless posterity will thank us for it. If this "New Britain" is ever bombed it will deserve the destruction of these betrayals of all that we inherited in beauty from the Greeks and the Georgians.

I am, Sir, of course, an antediluvian, a reactionary, a jingo, a last-ditcher, a die-hard and thoroughly out of touch with the progressive trend of modern thought and the uplifting psychological influences of functional architecture. But I loathe ugliness, commercial opportunism and the desecration of a Britain which deserves better treatment.—J. WENTWORTH DAY, Cambridge.

BALMANNO CASTLE

SIR,—I was much interested in the pictures of Balmanno Castle reproduced in COUNTRY LIFE. I spent nearly all my holidays as a schoolboy and student there. My grandfather, Mr. David Dow, was the tenant from 1838 till 1892, when my uncle succeeded him, and carried on the farm till early this century. The property is of 1,000 acres, 700 arable and 300 Balmanno Hill, part of the Ochils. Formerly it belonged to Lord Clinton, was sold some 40 years ago to Mr. Watson of Ayton, and soon after again sold to Mr. Miller, Glasgow, a noted owner of hackneys, whose son now resides there.

I take some exception to the phrase "how harling transforms an apparently derelict ruin." It was always harled, and almost every room was occupied, my late uncle having a large family.

After purchasing the property, Mr. Miller did not reside in it for some years, during which Sir Robert Lorimer made extensive alterations, and I imagine Fig. 5, which is rather unprepossessing and taken from an unfavourable angle, must have been photographed during the time it was unoccupied.

The Tay bridge near Dundee, 20 miles away, is easily seen on a clear day. There is a "ghost room," known as Lady Greensleeves', on the southern aspect. The alterations were of a most handsome kind, but I preferred the old Balmanno, though doubtless sentiment plays its part.—HARVEY BAIRD, Broadleigh Court, Salford Arundel, Taunton.

A MEDIAEVAL WALL PAINTING

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the large wall painting of St. Christopher in the church at Horley, Oxfordshire, which might interest readers. It is said that this was one of the most popular subjects with the mediæval church

decorators. The story is drawn from the Golden Legend, a thirteenth-century collection of stories. The saint is said to have been martyred in the third century. Usually he was depicted on the north wall of the nave, facing the usual entrance, and it was thought that whoever had looked at the picture would be safe for the day from harm of every kind. Usually the saint's staff is represented as having budded. A pleasant feature of the Horley painting is the two little figures fishing in the water: each one has hooked one of the many fish that swim about the saint's feet. In the church is another painting, of St. Etheldreda, to whom it is dedicated.—M. W., Hereford.

THE CRICK RUN

SIR,—The course for that "classic" of public school athletic events, the Crick Run at Rugby, which takes place annually towards the end of March, has been considerably altered in recent years. The runners, though, still make for Crick Church and, as in the old days, take the traditional course through the grounds of Crick Rectory. The photograph shows the leaders in last year's run just leaving the rectory grounds to cross the main road, along which they used to return to Rugby, and take to the fields again.

In the School run book there is an undertaking that the rectors of Crick shall "in perpetuity" provide ale for those runners weakened and in need of refreshment at this half-way stage. As might be expected, the custom has long been discontinued; though the custom of supplying ale at the finish was revived for the one occasion when the Centenary Crick Run took place in 1938.—L. HART, Rugby.

AN OLD FARM LABOURER

SIR,—I am very much impressed—and there must be hundreds of the same opinion—with the splendid results obtained by your art department in reproducing from sometimes poor material such excellent pictures as they do to illustrate our Correspondence. The reproduction of the Henfield Toll House in your issue of January 22 is a remarkable tribute to their skill.

To test their great ability further I enclose a faded photograph of an old farm labourer who worked on my great-uncle's farm at Cainhoe, Bedfordshire, in the 1870s and for years before.

In his left hand the old labourer holds his wooden ear-trumpet.—A. G. WADE, Major, Ash Cottage, Bentley, Hampshire.

THE WAR AND BIRD LIFE

SIR,—Major Jarvis in *A Countryman's Notes* on January 15, mentions two important points in bird life which I have also noticed with great regret—the failure of green plovers to increase in spite of protection, and the great decrease in the numbers of small birds, exclusive of



THE SCHOOL RUN AT RUGBY: LEAVING THE RECTORY

See letter "The Crick Run"

course of sparrows and starlings. It would be interesting to hear what causes may be suggested and what remedies.

From my experience of many years I have noticed that gulls seem to come inland far more often and in larger numbers than they did 50 or 60 years ago. Many old people round here have expressed the same opinion. The gulls scour the fields and I have seen them especially harrying the peewits, robbing them of any food they find. I believe few eggs laid on the ground escape their notice.



A FARM LABOURER OF THE 1870s

See letter "An Old Farm Labourer"

As regards the smaller birds, I believe their serious reduction is due to the vast increase of little owls, jays, magpies, carrion crows and jackdaws, compared with 50 years ago. The break up of large well-managed estates, and the poverty of landowners has for some years reduced the number of gamekeepers almost to vanishing point.

Years ago this county was closely "keepered" and such destructive birds I have mentioned were kept to small numbers and the smaller birds had a far better chance.

Jays will hunt a hedge so closely that no nest can escape their sharp eyes. Magpies are as bad, and I even saw one deliberately snatch a small



BALMANNO FROM THE SOUTH-EAST BEFORE RESTORATION

See letter "Balmanno Castle"

its rows upon rows of prison-like windows, its crude outlines and domineering ugliness: to gaze on the blank, factory-like outline of the Odeon in Leicester Square: or to shudder at the rashes of raw, red bungalows which have sprawled like sores over the countryside, to realise this. One Lutyens does not make an Athens.

The god of all this so-called planning, we are told, is "space."



ST. CHRISTOPHER AT HORLEY

See letter "A Mediæval Wall Painting"

tit out of a bird box near my window. I found that the small birds had evidently come forward near to the entrance ready to fly, and the magpie took them all.

Starlings and sparrows nest as a rule in safe places and so escape from the reduction of their numbers, which in their case might be a good thing. Other birds are unprotected while their enemies increase without let or hindrance.—CHARLES BOWER (The Rev. Canon), *Chisel House, Child Okeford, Dorset*.

[Our correspondent raises an interesting point with regard to the effect of the war-time increase of "vermin" on the small bird population, but it must not be forgotten that the three severe winters recently endured have undoubtedly been a considerable factor in reducing our smaller birds. In this connection it should be noted that in many areas starlings suffered severely and are still below the normal numbers.—Ed.]

SYDNEY SMITH AS AN ARCHITECT

SIR,—At this time when building and furnishing are subjects occupying a great deal of attention, it may be that some readers of COUNTRY LIFE will find some interest in the country rectory built and furnished by Sydney Smith, the great divine and wit, and Canon of St. Paul's, London. A popular London preacher in his earlier years, the Clergy Residence Act compelled him to go to Foston-le-Clay, between York and Malton, a living to which he had been presented in 1806. The district was without roads, and

for 150 years the village had not had a resident clergyman.

The rectory, a mere hovel, was little use to a pastor whose friends were aristocrats and notables in literature, science and art, so he determined to build one himself, even to making and baking the bricks. His first 150,000 which, on advice, he had made and burnt were found useless when the kiln was opened. A second attempt was, however, successful and the middle of a field was his site for the new house, "the ugliest in the county" he called it, "but all admitted it was one of the most comfortable," despite the disadvantage of being, as he described it, "20 miles from a lemon." For two months he kept fires blazing in every room day and night to dry it. Every room was bright and cheerful with wall-paper in bright colours and flowery patterns, with furnishings exactly suitable for requirements.

Three hundred acres of glebe land comprised part of the living, and among useful novelties he installed were an enormous speaking-trumpet at the front door to enable him to direct his labourers and a telescope to keep them under observation. Rubbing-posts for his cattle were a feature of his grass land.

This clergyman, who has been revered as the gayest man, the greatest wit in England; at whose sayings, repeated to her by Lord Melbourne, the staid Queen Victoria used to go into fits of laughter, had a reputation for sound common sense; and, as I think my illustration testifies, he could lay claim to some ability as architect and builder.—

HAROLD G. GRAINGER,
34, Headingley Avenue,
Leeds, 6.

FIRST FRUITS IN CEYLON

SIR,—A happy Ceylon harvest custom obtains during the harvest months of the year in the area in which I am living.

As soon as the first few sheaves of the golden paddy (unhusked rice) have been cut with the scythe to the music of the peasant's song, they are threshed, and the grain is taken at once by the cultivator (if he is a tenant) as "first fruits" to be presented to his landlord.

The paddy is tied in beautiful bundles enveloped and lashed with straw, and gaudily decorated with vari-coloured paper, tinsel material and streamers, in typical village fashion. These are then tied to a stick and slung horizontally on the shoulder to be carried to the waiting landlord's



CARRYING THE DECORATED FIRST FRUITS TO THE LANDLORD

See letter "First Fruits in Ceylon"



FIELD LABOURERS FEASTING ON LEAF BOXES AT THE LANDLORD'S HOUSE

See letter "First Fruits in Ceylon"



THE RECTORY AT FOSTON-LE-CLAY BUILT BY SYDNEY SMITH

See letter "Sydney Smith as an Architect"

house. At the latter's place, the grain offering, which signifies goodwill and portends good luck for the coming agricultural year, is received most gladly with the firing of crackers, and sometimes by the beat of drums. And the man who carries the tribute, not to mention the field-labourers who thresh the first-fruits, are sumptuously fed by the landlord and his family. The treat comprises not only simple rice and curry, but curd, ghee, oil-cakes, and betel and tobacco to boot. To cap the repast, the peasant guests are served with liberal portions of arrack, a fermented drink distilled from the juice of the coconut flowers. This liquor makes them quite tipsy, and hence jolly. Reelingly and with much ado, they return home, taking with them also some money or new clothes which rich landlords may give.

The first-fruit presentation day is thus a red-letter day to these simple peasant folks, who look forward to it year after year.—S. V. O. SOMANADER, Batticaloa, Ceylon.

AT BUCKLAND

SIR,—I wonder whether you would care to reproduce this photograph of the interior of the church of Buckland in the Cotswolds. I think the old panelling, which is of the time of Elizabeth, is very beautiful, and have never seen anywhere anything quite like the gracefully shaped canopies.—F. R. WINSTONE, Bristol.

THE GREEN PLOVER

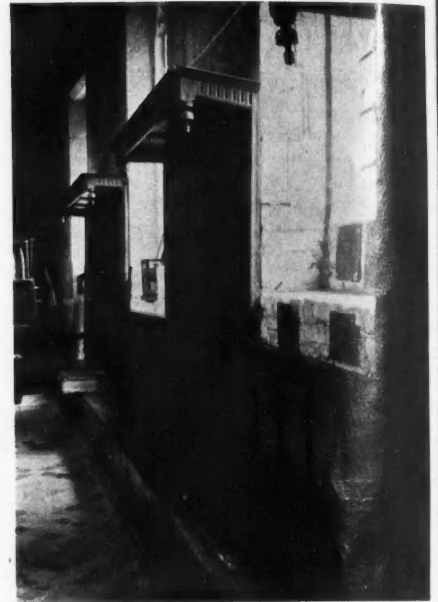
SIR,—I read *Countryman's Notes* with interest. In the issue of January 15 Major Jarvis says that the green plover is less plentiful to-day, in spite of its eggs being protected and not allowed to be exposed for sale. I think one of the reasons for this is that many of the early nests have their eggs frosted and the hen bird sometimes sits for ages on frosted eggs—with no result!

When their eggs were allowed to be sold most of the early eggs were picked up; the plover then started another nest and their eggs did better—they were harder to find and I don't think they were looked for so much.

I think it would do no harm, possibly good, to allow plover eggs to be sold up to, say, April 15—then strictly protected.

I have a number of green plover nests here and I notice that many of the early eggs are frosted. Grouse do not suffer in the same way—they nest in the heather and I think their eggs stand a lot more frost.

In Norfolk for many years I was



THE PANELLING AND CANOPIES AT BUCKLAND

See letter "At Buckland"

looking after a very good wild pheasant shoot where one year (1939) 1,800 were shot and in 1940 over 2,000 on about 3,500 acres. Here we nearly always suffered from frosted eggs, and I used to pick up all the early pheasant nests except a few which were really well protected. This largely stopped pheasants sitting on frosted eggs.—CHARLES W. J. HOWARD, Commander, R.N. (ret'd.), *Delnabo, Tomin-toul, Ballindalloch, Banffshire, N.B.*

[COUNTRY LIFE has frequently urged the modification of the lapwing protection measures, on the grounds that many, if not most, of the early eggs are wasted, owing to cultivation of the land, frost, and the activities of crows, rooks, magpies, etc.—Ed.]

WILD BOARS IN ENGLAND

SIR,—Can you, or any of your readers, tell me when the wild boar became extinct as a feral animal in Great Britain?

It is said that King James I, at one time, contemplated importing wild boars from France to re-stock the New Forest, and it would therefore seem that the species became extinct in the Kingdom prior to the seventeenth century.—MALCOLM CASTLE, *Burgh Castle, Suffolk*.

[There are many records of wild boars in Britain up to the sixteenth century. Lydekker, in his *British Mammals*, quotes Erdeswick's account of the animals in Chartley Park, Staffordshire, written just prior to 1600, in which comment is made upon the large number of wild boars to be found therein. It is probable that the wild boar was exterminated as a truly wild animal at the end of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century.—Ed.]

Insurance in War Time

At a time when danger unprecedented stands on every threshold, there may well be many for whom the ordinary hazards of our pre-war business and domestic lives have lost significance. It is well to remember, however, that these continue and may be sharpened even by present conditions.

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FEEDING VEGETABLES

By A. H. LEWIS, Ph.D., F.I.C. Jealott's Hill Research Station

CROPS must be fed, but feeding alone is not enough for high yields. The soil must be in a fit state for good, deep roots, and the first aim of every gardener should be to make his soil crumbly. This ideal condition is achieved by adding farmyard manure or compost. Lime and winter frosts also help. A crumbly soil contains air for the roots to breathe, allows excess water to drain through, yet holds moisture in dry periods, does not form hard clods, and is easily worked.

The second aim must be to keep the soil sweet or, as the scientists say, non-acid. Most vegetable crops cannot thrive in sour or acid soil and the few, such as potatoes, which can, do at least as well in a non-acid soil. Lime should be applied every three or four years.

Plants need many kinds of food. These are present in soils in two forms—a reserve supply which cannot be drawn on by plants and a current supply which can.

The gardener is only concerned with the current supply which varies in size from soil to soil, but even in rich soils is seldom sufficient to meet the large needs of vegetable crops. Plant foods must, therefore, be added to the soil in the form which plants can use at once. Farmyard manure and compost contain a variety of plant foods, but not enough of the three foods, nitrogen, phosphates and potash, needed by plants in the largest amounts. This lack can only be filled by fertilizers.

Nitrogen gives bulk and greenness, phosphates help root development and ripening, and potash governs starch and sugar formation in the plant. The three form a team and no one member can produce its full effect unless the others are present in full supply.

Soils vary in the amounts of plant foods they contain. Heavy soils contain less phosphate and more potash than light soils. Vegetable crops need so much plant food that these differences between soils are seldom important. All three foods are needed in about the same proportions by most vegetable crops on most soils.

The gardener can, if he wishes, buy fertilizers containing single plant foods and apply them separately or after mixing them together, but it is much simpler and safer to use a good "complete" fertilizer. The new Growmore Fertilizer, sponsored by the Ministry of Agriculture, is a good example. This contains 7 per cent. N. (nitrogen), 7 per cent. P₂O₅ (phosphoric acid) and 7 per cent. K₂O (potash), and should generally be applied at about 2 or 3 ounces per square yard and lightly raked in before sowing the seed or planting out.

Leafy crops, like cabbage, and spinach, need extra nitrogen applied as top-dressings when the crop is growing rapidly or appears to need a stimulant. Nitro-Chalk, nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia at a rate corresponding to about half an ounce per square yard, are suitable fertilizers for this job.

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WHEAT

THE evidence is that more nitrogen could be used with advantage on

wheat. All fields except those in the best heart will respond. It is essential, however, that nitrogen be used to the best advantage, and not wasted. Its effect on wheat depends on when it is applied. If wheat looks backward in early spring it should receive nitrogen in February or March. Otherwise top dressing (1-2 cwts. sulphate of ammonia depending on the fertility of the field) should be deferred until late April or early May, when tillering is finished. The plant will then use the nitrogen to produce fuller ears rather than more tillers. Even if the crop is so weak in early spring that something must be done to save it, only a small dressing should be given then, the rest being withheld until the first or second week of May.



**USE
NITROGEN WISELY**

FARMING NOTES

PASTEURISATION AND THE FARMER

SINCE Lord Woolton received a deputation from the medical profession urging the compulsory pasteurisation of the milk supply, this thorny problem has come to the front again. Apparently discussions are going on between the Ministry of Food, the Ministry of Health and the Ministry of Agriculture, all of whom are concerned, and before long we should get some statement of Government intentions and policy. Until quite recently most farmers have objected strongly to the idea of pasteurisation being made compulsory. But these objections are not so strong to-day because farmers recognise the fact that in most of the cities and bigger towns about 80 per cent. of the milk is already being pasteurised. This is being done not altogether from the public health point of view but as a commercial convenience. Milk distributors have found to their cost that they must have some means of preserving milk from one day to another in order to balance supplies with demand. Demand is, of course, pretty constant nowadays under the rationing scheme, but even so considerable gallonages have to be carried over during the summer when supplies are easier, and this is just the time of year when milk is liable to go sour. The view is also gaining ground that if milk producers can gain the whole-hearted confidence of the doctors this will be to their advantage after the war, when no doubt they will be concerned again to increase the consumption of liquid milk. Whatever may be said for or against pasteurisation, if this process appeals to the majority of the medical profession as the one means of making milk "safe," then it is probably good business for farmers to abandon their objections. It does not really matter to the farmer who is selling his milk wholesale how his milk is treated subsequently. His concern as a business man is to get the best market he can for it, and that is, of course, the liquid market. I believe that these views are gaining ground and probably represent the opinions of the majority of dairy farmers at the present time.

BUT among the milk-producing fraternity there are a great many producer-retailers. If the pasteurisation of milk were made compulsory in the smaller towns as well as the bigger towns, some of them would be squeezed out of business unless they got together and erected a pasteurising plant for their joint use. This is something which the Milk Marketing Board might very well undertake in the towns where any considerable proportion of the milk is supplied direct to consumers by producer-retailers. So far as the producer-retailers supplying the villages are concerned, I cannot see that there is any prospect of their being brought under any rule requiring pasteurisation. It is not practical politics to consider forcing them to send their milk perhaps four or five miles into some centre to have it pasteurised and then get it back again for delivery in the village where it is produced. Nor would it be reasonable, even if the material were available, to require every producer-retailer to have his own small-scale pasteurising plant. The policy in these cases must surely be to insist on the highest possible standards of hygiene in the cowshed and dairy, and regular veterinary inspection of the cows to ensure that these herds supplying milk direct to the public are healthy and, so far as clinical examination can show, clear of disease. This may very well be the

outcome of the present talks about pasteurisation and the safety of the milk supply.

I MUST say that, in spite of Professor Garrod's article in *COUNTRY LIFE* on February 12, I still have a sneaking feeling that milk as the cow gives it is really best for the human being. Pasteurisation or boiling adds nothing to the virtue of the milk and, must, I feel, destroy something. I know that London milk with my porridge always tastes rather dead compared with what I get at home. The doctors who went to see Lord Woolton brushed aside the idea that raw milk has any special qualities, but I am not so sure. Is not the ideal to ensure that every dairy herd in the country is healthy and as clear of disease as regular veterinary inspection can ensure? This would be sound policy anyway from the agricultural standpoint because, to-day, we are bearing a heavy burden of loss through preventable diseases. From the public health standpoint there is, I feel, some danger in trying to safeguard too completely against infection from tuberculosis and the other diseases that milk can carry. The child brought up in a glass case, as one might say, will one day have to meet infection, and will have built up no resistance. Then there may be serious trouble.

I HAVE seen this happen in a dairy herd which for five years had consistently maintained a clean bill of health on the tuberculin test. The owner congratulated himself on having rid his herd of this trouble. Then two of a neighbour's cows broke through on to his pastures and brought infection. At the next test 13 of his cows went down and it was two years before he could show a clean bill of health again. His herd went down like a house of cards at the first puff of wind because his cows had never met this type of infection and had not developed any resistance to it. So I feel it is a matter for serious consideration whether, rather than push pasteurisation at all costs, it would not be sounder national policy to give every child a controlled dose of tuberculosis in mild vaccine form at the start of life. Resistance would be developed and no serious trouble later on in life need be feared on this score. I believe that this policy was adopted quite widely in France and Germany before the war. Before I leave the subject I want to make it quite clear that clean, healthy herds are a necessity from the farming standpoint, quite apart from considerations of public health.

SOME of us had managed to clear our cattle of warble trouble before the war by using the derris treatment systematically. Derris then became difficult to get and the treatment was given up. Now the Ministry of Agriculture recommends a substitute. This is a solution of nicotine sulphate, hydrated lime and water in the following proportions: 2 fluid ounces nicotine sulphate solution, 1 lb. hydrated lime, 1 gallon of water. Place the lime in a vessel, add water gradually, stirring to prevent lumps and then add the nicotine sulphate solution. It should be used within an hour of mixing, a dressing being applied to the lumps on the backs of cattle every four weeks from the middle of March, so long as maggots appear. I am afraid that this treatment will not be popular in these busy days. CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

LANDOWNERS ADDING TO ACREAGES

TWO or three considerable transactions, not all as yet "released" (to use a familiar word of the moment) testify to the complete confidence felt by large landowners in the steady maintenance of land values. Of course, it has always been the policy of prudent property owners to consolidate their estates by the acquisition of outlying land, the holding of which enabled them to say that what they owned lay in a ring fence.

Surprisingly profitable purchases have often been made in that way, and neglected opportunities have left a sore feeling in some instances. Very rarely has the chance of making some such coveted deal been repeated. One example a few years ago, in the Western counties, was quite remarkable. A landowner needed a few hundreds of acres to round off the woodland portion of his estate. That woodland, with the rest of an extensive estate, came under the hammer, and fell to a wealthy stranger, who popped up unexpectedly, at a bid far in excess of what the adjoining owner's agent at the auction felt able to offer. Within a few months the buyer's executors had the melancholy task of realising what had been bought but a short time before.

FOR A TRIFLING SUM

THIS chance was seized and much more than the woodland had to be bought to ensure getting possession of it, but a London firm managed to dispose of the surplus acreage on terms that reduced the net cost of a valuable addition to their client's estate to a trifling sum. Another proof was thus given of the wisdom of making a bold bid. Would-be buyers should bear

in mind another maxim: Be prompt with an offer. So many intimations of coming auctions are qualified by a note that they are "subject to private treaty in the meanwhile." It is certain that private offers will be made and an adequate offer may relieve him who makes it of the anxiety and delay of having to wait for the formalities of the hammer.

THE IMPERIAL SERVICE COLLEGE

WINDSOR freeholds and Crown leaseholds, mostly under requisition and in occupation by the Government or the Windsor Borough Council, are for auction on March 23 by Messrs. Hampton and Sons. What are termed "compensation" rentals produce nearly £3,570 a year, but these offer no real indication of the ultimate value of the properties.

The coming auction is in consequence of the amalgamation two or three years ago of the Imperial Service College and Haileybury College, and the sale will be held under the sanction of the Board of Education. Among the freeholds are: (Lot 1) the principal scholastic accommodation, including Kipling House, school buildings, the chapel and 11 acres of fine frontage, and the present rent is £2,600 a year. An island and boathouse on the Thames, and Lawrence House, in Alma Road, let at £300 a year on requisition, are other lots. There are substantial rents (under requisition) of the six or seven Crown leaseholds, which are mainly in Osborne Road. The auction is worth the consideration of anyone wanting a sound investment for eventual income. Copies of the particulars may be had from the

Arlington Street office of Messrs. Hampton and Sons, who, in accordance with the rules now prevailing, make a nominal charge of a shilling.

Approximately 430 acres of the Killiechassie estate have been divided into three lots, by Mr. C. W. Ingram, for auction at an early date. Fishing in the Tay goes with the three farms. There is a notable rock garden on the bank of the Tay, in the 18 acres of Erigmore, a residence in the Dunkeld district, which is in the hands of Mr. Ingram for disposal.

Charming pools and streams are a feature of the Killiechassie section of the Tay. In the topmost stretch of the river, between Aberfeldy and Grandtully Bridge, the salmon taken have varied from 200, in 1911, to 250, the average over a period of 10 years from 1914 having been just over 200. Careful records have been kept of the fishing in most parts of the Tay, and some of the figures concerning this river are astonishing, but, of course, reveal the differing characteristics of one part and another.

TAY SALMON FISHING

IT is worth while recalling, however, that the tidal portion yielded a salmon in 1907 that turned the scale at over 61 lb., and an earlier and authenticated catch on the estuary, in the year 1869, scaled 84 lb., and it was caught in a sparling net. Rod fishing in the Tay, naturally the paramount interest, has sometimes given as many as 275 fish to one rod in the autumn season, but this was in the very valuable Taymount stretch, where on one occasion some years ago Lord Ruthven hooked a 54-pounder.

Of all the notable and sometimes exasperating experiences with

the bigger fish in the Tay surely none surpasses that of a former Bishop of Bristol, who played a salmon for nine or ten hours and at last lost it.

1,285 ACRES FOR £37,950

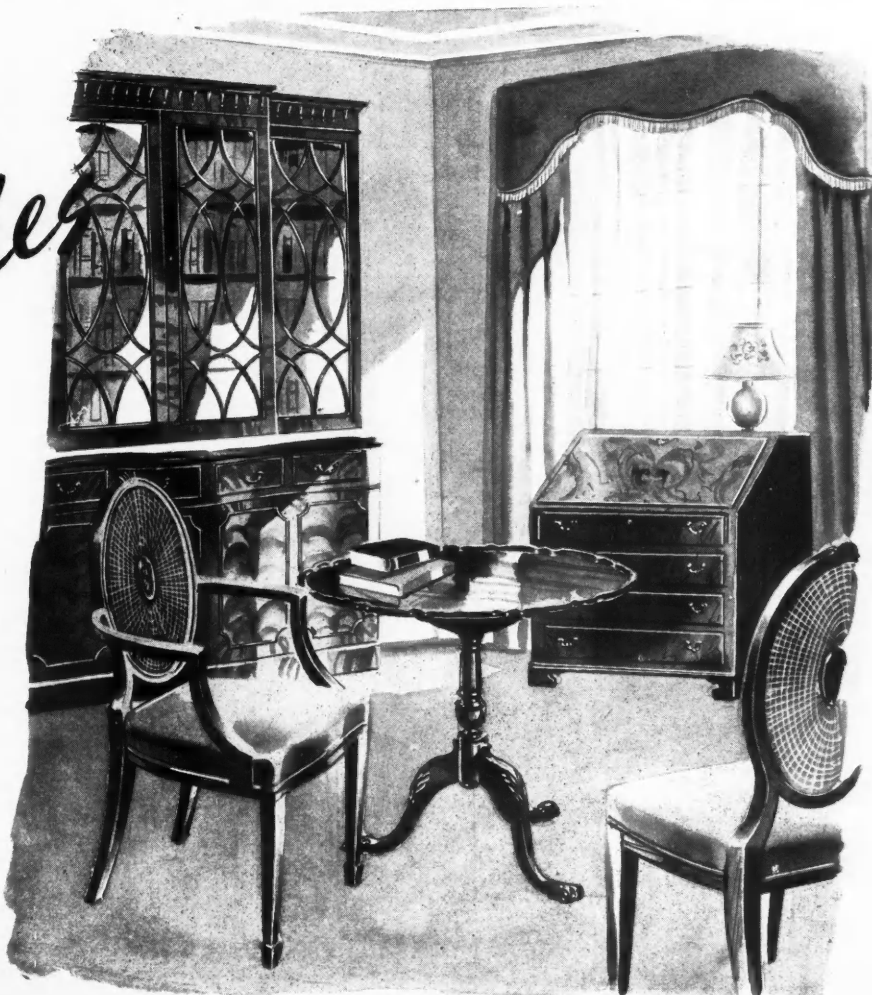
EAST KENT farms are again in keen demand, and the sale of an aggregate acreage of approximately a couple of square miles of farms in East Kent, for a total of £37,950, is announced by Messrs. Alfred J. Burrows, Clements, Winch and Sons' Ashford office. Attention has been recently drawn, in the Estate Market columns of COUNTRY LIFE, to the comparative, but easily comprehensible, temporary indifference of farmers and investors to this fertile and beautiful portion of a delightful county. Now that a return to rural quietude begins to be more generally enjoyed there, the demand for farms is reviving, and it is helped by the still very moderate level of prices, admitting of a well-founded expectation of capital appreciation in due course. It would be interesting to have a comparison, such as Mr. Burrows could make, if he cared to do so, between the amount of work involved in his sale of the dozen farms named in his list, and that in the sale of some of the great acreages that passed under his hammer in the years before the war. Probably he has handled more landed estates at auction than any other practitioner, and they have entailed selling in nearly every part of England and Wales. Often his day's aggregate has greatly exceeded that now mentioned in respect of Kentish farms. The farms just sold are at Eastry, Rodmersham, Boughton Aluph, Aldington, and on the Sussex border. **ARBITER.**

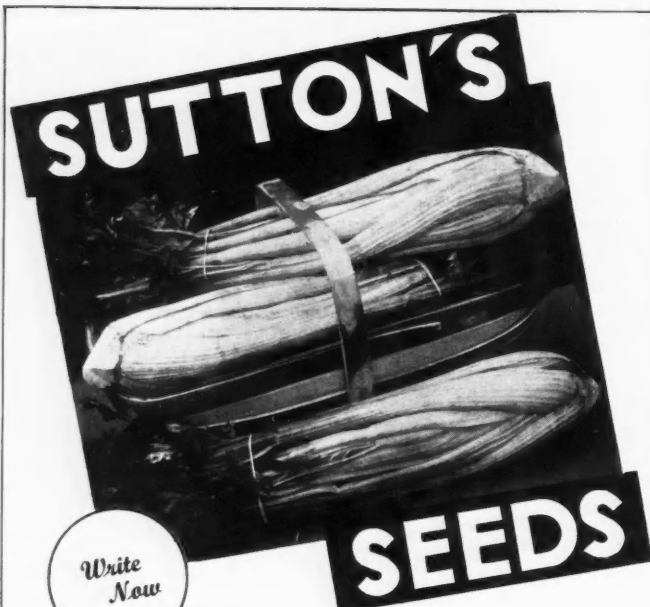
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fertilizer suitable for all vegetable crops, and recommended by the Government's advisers. It is packed in 7 lb. (2s. 9d.); 14 lb. (4s. 6d.); 28 lb. (7s. 6d.); 56 lb. (13s. 6d.); and 1 cwt. (25s.) bags. 7 lbs. is sufficient for 30 square yards.

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NEW BOOKS

A CHAMPION OF THE CHURCH

Reviews by **HOWARD SPRING**

NO institution in our times, I should imagine, has been so violently attacked from within as the Church of England is attacked by Mr. Joseph McCulloch in *We Have Our Orders* (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.).

Mr. McCulloch is still a young man. He began life in a mean street in Liverpool; he was brought up in the Church of England and learned to love it. Even to-day, he says, life to him is inconceivable without the Church of England. He made his way to Oxford, took orders, and is now an incumbent in Essex. He is known as the author of several books, notably that plea for militant Christianity *The Faith that Must Offend*; and he is, one cannot doubt after reading this book, a man of both faith and fire. He wants to see the Church of England disestablished, and his chief complaint about it is that faith and fire are nowhere to be found within its borders, that it is packed with place-hunting comfortable men, and that, in face of the world's urgent needs to-day, it has nothing to offer, being merely a reflection of the *laissez faire* political constitution in which it is embedded.

IN THE LAST DITCH

"If ever there was an institution in a last ditch," he says, "it is the present Church." He finds that "there are greater movements of the spirit outside than inside the Church"; that "the most solid fact in the religious situation in England to-day" is that "Mr. and Mrs. Bull have rejected the Establishment"; and that, though "there is a strong body of opinion in favour of a new enthusiasm and a new freedom in the Church, the feeling against it is within the Church itself."

What the Church has not noticed, Mr. McCulloch argues, or what, if it has noticed, it has ignored, is that the future belongs without question to working men and women. These are about to take command of the world, and the Church of England, entrenched in the privileges and securities of the middle class, has to make up its mind what it is going to do about it. Now it is sitting on the fence, but it has to commit itself. "The issue for the Church in the twentieth century is that of extreme wealth and poverty. All other issues are secondary. The justice of the Kingdom we have seek is social justice, and all else can be safely left to be added unto us."

This must not be interpreted as a scuttle to the side of the coming winners. Mr. McCulloch's point is not so much that the Church needs the people, though there is that, as that the people need the Church. He sees them about to enter upon a tremendous inheritance spiritually unprepared. The working

man, he writes, "needs a faith which provides a higher sanction and authority in daily living than individual expediency and the utilitarian materialism which to-day largely colours his thoughts and motives and which bring about his present utter self-interest and consequent disintegration of character."

WORKING MAN'S WORLD

It is a question of saving the working man from himself—the expression is Mr. McCulloch's; and in the Church of England can't do it, he doesn't see what can. That is one point on which I would differ from him. I would remind him of his own opinion that there are greater movements of the spirit outside the Church than inside, and that "God fulfils Himself in many ways." One thing I am sure of is that spiritual life will find its channels, and by the mere fact of being in them will make them valid, and that these channels need not necessarily have anything to do with either Establishment or Disestablishment. Mr. McCulloch himself quotes the words of Mr. Middleton Murry, which are worth taking to heart, concerning "the great communion of the saints, of whom most were uncanonised, and many unbelieving."

However, it appears to be Mr. McCulloch's view that the salvation of England's soul depends on the Church of England, and, as he is no mere idealist or rantier, he has proposed here specific proposals for reform. Disestablishment is the corner-stone. It would be a renunciation of privilege which, he feels, might well appeal to the people to whom the Church preaches the importance of sacrifice. He would give to all those in Orders—bishops, priests and deacons—a basic wage of £4 a week, so that working men would have a sense of community with priests who were themselves living on a working man's wages. Anything over the basic wage would be to meet special need, such as allowances on marriage or on the birth of children, or for the running of a car in the service of the work.

He would be rigorous in recruiting the clergy, seeking them from the professions and trades rather than from seminaries, and he would insist on a high standard of spiritual awareness and mental efficiency. He would recruit women to the priesthood. He would abolish the titles of "Reverend" and "Venerable" and especially "My lord." He would see the arts encouraged to a fuller use in the service of the Church, and beyond all things he would nurture the community spirit, the hanging-together-ness in power of all those who have found the Way.

These are but a few points of profound interest and sympathetic book. Of the religious side, it

WE HAVE OUR ORDERS

By **Joseph McCulloch**
(Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.)

BRITISH CRAFTSMEN

By **Thomas Hennell**
(Collins, 4s. 6d.)

BRITISH ENGINEERS

By **Metius Chappell**
(Collins, 4s. 6d.)

COVER HIS FACE

By **Neil Bell**
(Collins, 9s. 6d.)

marches with a statement made by a Conservative Member of Parliament, Mr. Quintin Hogg, during the debate on the Beveridge Plan. "Possession of private property," said Mr. Hogg, "must remain a humiliation and not an opportunity so long as there remain people who have not enough to eat. . . . If you don't give the people social reform, they are going to give you social revolution." And if you don't give them spiritual bread, says Mr. McCulloch, they will betake themselves to material stones.

In his last of an aphorism, Mr. McCulloch occasionally goes wide of the mark. For example: "If we lived for things of peace, there would be no necessity for war for them." Calvary itself is the answer to that, as well as numerous examples of what the hymn-book calls "inner Calvaries." I have written elsewhere, and I believe it to be true: "It is a fortunate tendency of the human spirit that it can dedicate itself to great enterprises for no other reason than that they are great. It does not need even the assurance that they will be successful." That tendency of the human spirit exists, fortunately, outside the Church as well as within it.

CRAFTSMEN AND ENGINEERS

To Messrs. Collins's delightful series of books "Britain in Pictures" there are now added (4s. 6d. each) Mr. Thomas Hennell's *British Craftsmen* and Mr. Metius Chappell's *British Engineers*. In his account of the work of stone-masons, Mr. Hennell speaks of "the great fossil shells called ammonites, such as are often built into a wall for a 'fancy'; some were as big as barrow-wheels. The quarryman came up with a fresh load of stones and enquired what I thought of them. What was his opinion? I asked. 'Well,' said he, 'I reckon God put them there at the Flood.'"

You will find an amusing disputation on this point in Mr. Robert Graves's book *Wife to Mr. Milton*, reviewed here recently. A Mr. Jones held the same view as this stone-mason of Mr. Hennell's, but Milton would have none of it, and, in the turgid fashion which is Mr. Graves's notion of a great poet speaking, he answers thus: "Mr. Jones is of opinion that it is a true shell which, having been conveyed here by the Flood in the days of the Patriarch Noah, was filled by the petrifying juices of the Earth and became in tract of time a stone. *Per contra* I hold that this stone, with others similar to it, which I have seen in the form of oyster-shells, cockles, sea-urchins and the like, are not and were never shells (as he pretends) but are *lapides sui generis*, naturally moulded by an extraordinary plastic virtue latent in the Earth of those quarries wherein they are discovered, in conscious imitation of the living creatures directly created by the hand of God."

THE FUTURE OF CRAFTS

Mr. Hennell is not so despondent about the future of crafts as some writers tend to be, but he has not much confidence in a "revival" imposed from without. "A revival must essentially be the work of individuals finding for themselves the thing they seek." Maybe our present necessities will entail this seeking. "At the moment when domestic life has greatly deteriorated, communal life becomes possible and organised: a constructive need (though one of self-defence) replaces the axioms of waste, and may go some way towards reclaiming the false and venal out of existence—in art, music and

literature). Investments have become less substantial; work, especially in farm and field, has become again a common and wholesome means of livelihood: one which must quicken our sense of values."

Mr. Chappell's book is a consideration of the way in which, during what he calls the heroic age of British engineering, men arose who in some cases had had no training in engineering, but out of sheer native ingenuity produced the great works called for by the expanding commerce of the time. Brindley, who could hardly read or write, but became the greatest maker of canals in his day; Metcalf, born blind and blind all his life, who nevertheless had an uncanny sense of country and made 180 miles of turnpike road: these are the sort of men one means. Strange how many of them were men of the North: Telford, Rennie, Stephenson, Brindley, Metcalf; though the South may claim Brunel and Benjamin Baker, whose Forth Bridge is so notable among those works which are at once subservient to a utilitarian purpose and of a beauty that lifts up the heart.

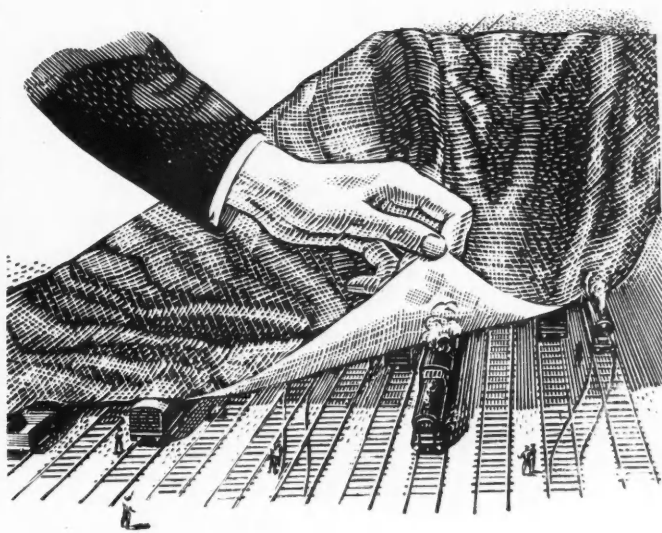
CHATTERTON'S END

All the sense of loss and longing consequent upon the untimely passing of youth and beauty is in the great Elizabethan line: "Cover her face. Mine eyes dazzle. She died young."

For the title of his new novel Mr. Neil Bell has adapted the opening of the line. *Cover His Face* (Collins, 9s. 6d.) is founded on the life of Thomas Chatterton, the poet who died before he was 18 years old, but left behind him a body of work so great, so varied, and at its best so splendid, that the loftiest of later poets have gladly paid tribute to his memory and his fame.

There has lain upon Chatterton's reputation what is in the world's eyes a stain: that he ended his life by his own hand. Leaving his native Bristol for London, he was disappointed at his lack of success, unable to obtain even enough food to eat, and swallowed arsenic. That is how the story goes, and so far as I know it has never before been challenged. But Mr. Bell challenges it. He asserts that Chatterton, so far from failing to "make good" financially, did pretty well—well enough at all events to make it unnecessary for him to commit suicide to end a state of misery. Indeed, says Mr. Bell, he did not commit suicide at all. What, in this author's view, was the fashion of "the wondrous boy's" life and death you may find from these most readable pages.

THE seventy-fifth volume of *Whitaker's Almanack* maintains all the qualities for which the *Almanack* has been famous. Changes are inevitable and reflect the changes in national life. For instance the subject of Government and Public Offices, which required eight pages in the first *Whitaker's Almanack* (1869) and 80 pages in 1939, now occupies 101 pages. *The Diary of the War*, and a reprint of *Government by Party*, which appeared in the 1932 edition and is now extended to cover the period that has since elapsed are two important features. It might perhaps be regarded as throwing light on the extraordinary width of the field which *Whitaker's* covers with such completeness, to state that the 80-page Index contains upwards of 30,000 references. As usual there are three editions of the *Almanack*, the Library Edition, with 14 coloured maps, at a guinea; the Complete Edition, at 10s.; and the Shorter Edition, containing only the first 704 pages of the full book, at 6s.



UNDER COVER

FACTS and figures about the war effort of British Railways are quite rightly kept "under cover." There is small wisdom in giving gratuitous information to an inquisitive enemy.

But known facts plus a little imagination reveal a story of enormous industry and resourceful organisation.

The railways, apart from the domestic transport needs of the country, are called upon to haul a gigantic amount of additional traffic.

Imports from overseas, and exports for war zones are conveyed by rail. Workpeople in ever-growing thousands are carried to and from factories, both old and new. Troops coming and troops going are transported by rail.

In face of these extra burdens, in face of increased difficulties in operation and the trying conditions of blackout, is there any wonder that facilities for domestic passenger travel have had to be substantially curtailed?



BRITISH RAILWAYS

GWR · LMS · LNER · SR

Carrying the War Load



Spring Hats

AND COIFFURES

● Backward movement—a roll of gay taffeta ribbon attached to a crown under which the curls on top nestle. Erik.

● Forward movement—a beret in shining black straw with candy pink and black taffeta ribbons. Otto Lucas.

PHOTOGRAPHS DENES

THERE are quite considerable crowns to most of the new hats, judging by past standards at any rate. The hats are meant to be worn well fitted on to the head. Even the pill-boxes that are tilted forward are generally attached to some kind of skull cap or snood that moors them on securely, while the roll hats that sit well back have crowns shaped something like a baby's bonnet that pulls on. Chip straw sailors have deep crowns and turn-up edges about an inch and a half deep to their wide brims. Hartnell shows a bright grass green one, both brim and crown of which are oval, to wear with a very gay print frock. Worth show shiny black straws simply trimmed with ribbon with their long dusty pink coats over print frocks. These big sailors are most becoming.

These hats mean two main styles of hairdressing, the swept-up *coiffure* dressed high on the top where curls and bangs can be put inside a crown without being too much disarranged, and the smooth crown with either a sleek roll or a cloud of hair framing the face. For both styles the front hair is swept up on top and the ears always show. Monsieur Georges Barranger tells me that his smartest clients are all putting up their hair, as they consider it definitely adds the right finish to the new clothes and looks well with the new hats. If the hair is short he sweeps it across at the back, waves

it to the shape of the head and arranges it in soft sausage curls on top. When it is longer, it is divided in two by a parting running across from one temple to the other, the back is swept up smoothly, twisted together in the centre and the end coiled into a fat sausage curl right on top from left to right. The front hair is combed well up into three or four big loose curls arranged in a cluster. A photograph on this page shows this *coiffure*. The hair must be carefully cut so that it dovetails together in the centre or it looks untidy. To be effective,

it should be kept smooth and sleek and neat at the back; it is easy to arrange and easy to keep tidy. Monsieur Georges will add to nature with a postiche at the top if he does not consider the curls to be sufficiently imposing. Contrary to the accepted theory, the high *coiffure* does not add ten years, but it does not suit everyone and some women prefer to keep their hair down to soften the neckline. For them, there are all kinds of ways with the crown always smooth and shining and able to take a skull cap. There is the sleek roll running from one temple right round to the other, the page boy or rolled-under style, and a *coiffure* that has the front hair right up on



top as in the photograph, and the back hair arranged in curls on the nape of the neck.

Whichever way you do your hair, the brushing of it is vitally important as it can never look shining without. There are, alas, no more of the brushes with bristles arranged almost in a circle, but one firm is still making the hairbrush that is like an enlarged toothbrush with a narrow back and five rows of bristles. This is made in very small numbers but if you can get one it is splendid for aiding the set of the hair. It is also possible occasionally to buy the kind of hairbrush which has the bristles set on a detachable perforated aluminium base which cannot absorb water or harbour germs or dirt, and can easily

Peter Robinson's

For the SMALL WOMAN



Girls' Outfits

Girls' Grey Flannel COAT

obtainable in two styles

Sizes 24" to 32" semi-fitting, unbelted.

Sizes 24" to 42", shaped back, with adaptable 2-piece half belt.

Sizes 24", 61/6, to 42", 90/9

Rise and fall approx. 2/3 per size every 2". (U208)

This little girl is wearing a 32" semi-fitting shape Coat (70/-), Scarlet Beret (5/6, also in bottle, navy and nigger), scarlet tie and white poplin school blouse.

Girls' Well-Tailored COSTUME & COAT

to match in Blue Frieze.

The Coat has a semi-fitting half belted back and adaptable neck fastening.

COSTUME sizes 4 & 5, 85/9

" " 6 to 9, 90/-

COAT sizes 24", 69/3 to 44", 90/9

Rise and fall approx. 2/3 per size every 2".

As sketch, size 6 Costume, at 90/- (U209) Size 40 Coat at 86/3

Blue stitched Felt HAT to match at 21/9. Blue Cellular Weave BLOUSE to tone at 14/3.

Also in Grey Frieze and Navy Serge



TAILORING for the small woman is a specialised study, and we illustrate an example of our expert's work. This delightful suit which can be worn with or without a blouse is designed in fine black cloth relieved with canary; it can be copied in other colour combinations, such as wine with blue.

(Small Women's Clothes—First Floor)

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1

LANgham 4444

(Debenhams Ltd)

PETER ROBINSON LTD. OXFORD CIRCUS, W.1. MUSsum 7700

be taken out and washed. This is made with wooden backs and handles and plastic ones in all kinds of colours. Other new ideas in brushes are the clothes brushes made in the same shape as the brushes used with a pan for the floor. These are splendid, as they are such a convenient shape to hold and have long bristles which take loose hair and dust up rapidly. The new nail brushes have a U-shaped handle attached, so that one can slip one's fingers in without taking hold of the bristles. This saves the bristles and makes them easy to use.

* * *

AT Asprey's there are still some lovely dressing cases with enamel and tortoise-shell fittings, but they are so few as to be



Hair goes up—is swept across at the back, dovetailed and released into one big sausage curl. The front hair is curled up.

Hairbrushes with the bristles attached to a separate section which slips out and can be washed without damaging the back. The nail brush shows the new handle grip, easy for holding. These are on sale in limited quantities throughout the country.



almost museum pieces. For wedding gifts there is also a tremendous selection of attractive table mats made from old prints, flower prints, London street cries, birds and hunting prints. Trays for dressing tables are made with a flower print in the centre that will match chintzes.

* * *

For flowerless city homes there are the exquisite groups of plastic flowers by Sybil Pitman; each one is individual, and the colours are arranged beautifully. When I was at Asprey's there was a group in a big stone-coloured bowl with a mixed bunch of pink and blue flowers from a herbaceous border. Another smaller group in a basket vase was of flowers in nasturtium colourings. Miniature bowls held wild cyclamen, beautifully modelled and natural looking. Posies for the button-hole were in mixed flowers, or sometimes a flower and its fruit were made into a spray, a rosy apple or pear with blossom, or a few acorns and oak leaves.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

Designed by
Barri

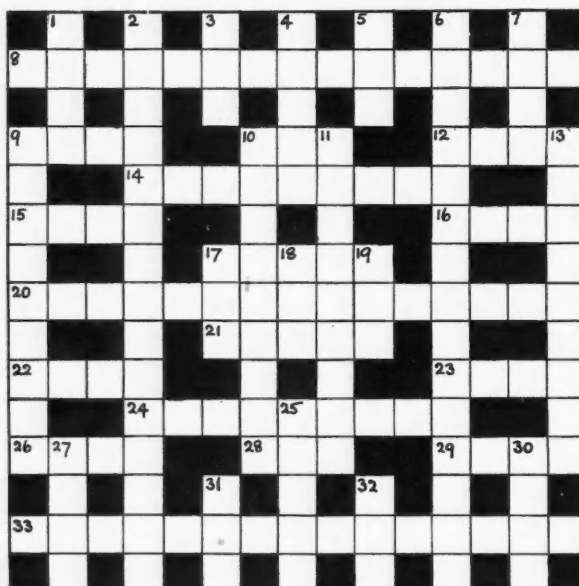


THIS most elegant and absolutely undetectable, maternity two-piece, is one of Barri's Spring models. Designed by the White House, it is in navy crepe, with collar and cuffs of white sharkskin.

BARRI MODELS
obtainable only at
THE WHITE HOUSE LTD
LINEN SPECIALISTS
51, NEW BOND ST W1

CROSSWORD No. 685

A prize of two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 685, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, March 18, 1943.



Name.....

Address.....

SOLUTION TO No. 684. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of March 5, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Booking office; 10, Fretted; 11, Tactics; 12, Edam; 13, Livid; 14, Ossa; 17, Needing; 18, Hidings; 19, Oak tree; 22, Good fun; 24, Tang; 25, Devil; 26, Lift; 29, Arizona; 30, Auction; 31, The golden eggs. **DOWN.**—2, Operate; 3, Kate; 4, Nudging; 5, Ostrich; 6, Face; 7, Crimson; 8, Afternoon teas; 9, Assassinating; 15, Tiara; 16, Idiot; 20, Kentish; 21, Eyeball; 22, Grimace; 23, Fairing; 27 & 28, Long Acre.

ACROSS.

8. "— that pass —, and speak each other in passing." —Longfellow (four words, 5, 2, 3, 5)
9. Jo March's sister (4)
10. Eggs (3)
12. Send the top last (4)
14. What presumably confronted Mother Hubbard's dog (two words, 5, 4)
15. He choked them off (4)
16. River that might produce a bore (4)
17. And another in France (5)
20. In abnormal fashion (15)
21. They sing at last (5)
22. It gives a lead. Got it? (4)
23. A merely repetitive lady (4)
24. Where the paper-seller disposes of his wares (two words, 4, 5)
26. Water-carrier that will vegetate in the presence of its kin (4)
28. Cathedral city (3)
29. Elm tree castle, one might say (4)
33. Fortress only a degree less insubstantial than one in Spain (four words, 6, 2, 3, 4)

DOWN

1. Domicile of an old woman (4)
2. Where you may be led, not necessarily by the horticulturist himself! (four words, 2, 3, 6, 4)
- 3 and 5. Military baggage plus 10, and out jumps the cat's child! (two words, 3, 3)
4. Ivy round the saint's pedestal makes him quite stuffy! (5)
6. "Take of English flowers these—Spring's full-faced primroses, Summer's wild —." —Kipling (two words, 1, 4)
7. She is approaching five hundred (4)
9. Little blossomy character in H.M.S. Pinafore (9)
10. Should we conclude that the other fellow is sage? (9)
11. Plus XC (two words, 3, 6)
13. It may contain Goldilocks and Little Red Riding-Hood (9)
17. Wireless appeal (3)
18. Mixed help from a classical mountain (3)
19. Entity (3)
25. Colloquial language (5)
27. A Chaldean city forms half the mountain range (4)
30. Sown in somewhat disorderly fashion (4)
31. A French fairy will pay the cost (4)
32. "For every — he had a where." —Samuel Butler (3)

The winner of Crossword No. 683 is Mr. Ernest W. Grayson, Dunstable, Bedfordshire.

Threads from the loom of time



39 ARBITERS OF FASHION

In the hey-day of Victorian grandeur, Courtaulds were firmly established as acknowledged leaders of fashion. Outstanding among contemporary manufacturers, Courtaulds were producing rich and beautiful fabrics, which accorded with the stately formalism of the period.

The fame of Courtaulds silks, and in particular their black crape, was not confined to England. Orders flowed in from overseas, and selling organisations were established in America and Europe—forerunners of the

world-wide distribution existing today.

To the present generation the name of Courtaulds is famous for rayon and all the lovely fabrics made with it. Unfortunately, Courtaulds rayon is scarce in war time, when National needs take precedence. It will return with peace more beautiful and versatile than before.

Nor is this all. The name of Courtaulds will be associated with new developments destined to benefit mankind in a manner not less notable than the evolution and perfection of rayon.

COURTAULDS—the greatest name in RAYON



VIYELLA LAYETT
NURSERY VIYELLA KNITTING
VIYELLA LADIES' BLOUSES, UNDERWEAR FOR MEN
PLAIN AND FANCY VIYELLA AND
VIYELLA BOYS' AND GIRLS' SCHOOL WEAR
VIYELLA SHIRTS, PYJAMAS AND UNDERWEAR
RAMADA SUPER FINGERING WOOL
NURSERY VIYELLA KNITTINGS
VIYELLA DAY AND NIGHT WEAR FOR CHILDREN
VIYELLA LADIES' DI
UNDERWEAR AND
PLAIN AND FANCY
AND SCOTTISH
RAMADA SUPER
FINGERING WOOL
VIYELLA LAYETT
NURSERY VIYELLA
VIYELLA LADIES' BLOUSES, UNDERWEAR FOR MEN
PLAIN AND FANCY VIYELLA AND
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VIYELLA DAY AND NIGHT WEAR FOR CHILDREN

Thank goodness we always bought
'Viyella'
it lasts and lasts and lasts



Lillywhites LTD

SUEDE JACKETS



(Above) Tailored in specially selected skins, zip fastened and fully lined. Dark sapphire, light green or chestnut. 3 sizes.

12 coupons. **£6.19.11**

Neat fitting suede waistcoat, woollen lined. In tan only.

Sizes 36, 38, 40
5 coupons **67/3**

(Right) This jacket has snug fitting hipline and yoke at back. Grain collar and fully lined. Red-brown, light navy or green. 3 sizes. **£5.18.11**
12 coupons.

Gored skirt in lovely Scotch tweed. Blue, brown or green flecks on natural ground. Hip sizes 36, 38, 40.

6 coupons. **44/11**



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LOTUS Veldtschoen

GUARANTEED WATERPROOF

"I have had these Veldtschoen Boots for about 15 years. Hundreds of times I have worn them on my fishing outings through wet grass and swampy land. I have often been wet through but always my feet have been bone dry and warm as toast."

During the War, 1914-18, Lotus Ltd. made 54,751 pairs of Veldtschoen Boots. Worn exclusively by Officers on active service overseas, only 76 pairs failed to give complete satisfaction.

TILL VICTORY IS WON THE SALE OF LOTUS VELDTSCHOEN IS RESERVED TO MEMBERS OF H.M. FORCES

